THE

# Indian Emperour,

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF

# MEXICO

BY THE

# SPANIARDS.

Being the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*.

By JOHN DRYDEN Esq;

The Third Edition.

*Dum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno*
*Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.* Ovid.

*LONDON*,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1670.

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# To the most Excellent and most Illustrious Princess ANNE Dutchess of *Monmouth*, and *Buccleugh*, Wife to the most Illustrious and High-born Prince *James* Duke of *Monmouth*,

May it please your Grace,

THE favour which Heroick Plays have lately found upon our Theaters, has been wholly deriv'd to them from the countenance and approbation they have receiv'd at Court. The most eminent Persons for Wit and Honor in the Royal Circle having so far owned them, that they have judg'd no way so fit as Verse to entertain a Noble Audience, or to express a noble passion. And amongst the rest which have been written in this kind, they have been so indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconsiderable place. Since, therefore, to the Court I owe its fortune on the Stage; so, being now more publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Graces Protection, who by all knowing persons are esteem'd a Principal Ornament of the Court. But though the rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodness only could detain and fix them. High Objects may attract the sight; but it looks up with pain on craggy Rocks and Barren Mountains, and continues not intent on any object, which is wanting in shades and greens to entertain it. Beauty, in Courts, is so necessary to the young, that those who are with-

out

out it, seem to be there to no other purpose then to wait on the triumphs of the fair; to attend their motions in obscurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by day: or, at best, to be the refuge of those hearts which others have despis'd; and by the unworthiness of both, to give and take a miserable comfort. But as needful as Beauty is, Virtue, and Honour are yet more: the Reign of it without their support is unsafe and short like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty wasts it; and, when once it is decaying, the repairs of Art are of as short continuance, as the after Spring, when the Sun is going farther from us. This, Madam, is its ordinary Fate; but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your Honour, to make that perishable good more lasting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preserv'd by being mixt and embodied with others of their own nature, then your Graces would be immortal since no part of Europe can afford a paralel to your Noble Lord, in masculine Beauty, and in goodliness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of Mankind, you need only to be seen together: we are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels sent below to make Virtue amiable in your persons, or to sit to Poets when they would pleasantly instruct the Age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I must be forc'd to quit it as a private praise, since you have deserv'd those which are more publick. For Goodness and Humanity, which shine in you, are

Virtues

*Virtues which concern Mankind: and, by a certain kind of interest, all people agree in their commendation, because the profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis so much your inclination to do good, that you stay not to be ask'd; which is an approach so nigh the Deity, that Humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happiness that I can testifie this Virtue by my own experience; since I have so great an aversion from soliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on those as very bold, who dare grow rich there without desert. But I beg your Graces pardon for assuming this Virtue of Modesty to my self, which the sequel of this Discourse will no way justifie. For in this Address I have already quitted the Character of a modest Man, by presenting you this Poem as an acknowledgment, which stands in need of your protection; and which ought no more to be esteem'd a Present, then it is accounted bounty in the Poor, when they bestow a child on some wealthy Friend, who can give it better Education. Off-springs of this Nature are like to be so numerous with me, that I must be forc'd to send some of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate then his Brothers, because I have landed him on a Hospitable shore. Under your Patronage,* Montezuma *hopes he is more safe then in his Native* Indies: *and therefore comes to throw himself at your Graces feet, paying that homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the violence of his Conquerors. He begs only that when he shall relate his sufferings, you will consider he is an* Indian Prince, *and not expect any other Eloquence from his simplicity, then that, with which his griefs have furnish'd him. His story is, perhaps*

the

*the greatest, which was ever represented in a Poem of this nature; (the action of it including the Discovery and Conquest of a new World.) In it I have neither wholly follow'd the truth of the History, nor altogether left it: but have taken all the liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminish, as I thought might best conduce to the beautifying of my Work: It being not the business of a Poet to represent Historical truth, but probability. But I am not to make the justification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Graces mercy. 'Tis an irregular piece, if compar'd with many of* Corneilles, *and, if I may make a judgement of it, written with more Flame than Art; in which it represents the mind and intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Design and Artifice,*

MADAM,

October the 12. 1667.

Your Graces most Obedient

and most obliged Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Con-

## Connexion of the *Indian Emperour* to the *Indian Queen.*

THE Concluſion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on it, there remaining but two of the conſiderable Charcters alive, (*viz. Montezuma* and *Orazia*, thereupon the Author of this thought it neceſſary to produce new perſons from thoſe two; and conſidering that the late *Indian Queen* before ſhe lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandeſtine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; he has raiſed from them a Son and two Daughters, ſuppoſed to be left young *Orphans* at their Death: On the other ſide, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter, all now ſuppoſed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Eſtate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further uſe in the ſtory) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about twenty years elapſed ſince the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the truth of the Hiſtory, was a great and glorious Prince; in whoſe time hapned the Diſcovery and Invaſion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Traxallan Indians*, the invererate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly ſubverted that flouriſhing Empire; the Conqueſt of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the ſtory, nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native ſimplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Cuſtoms: The Shipping, Armour, Horſes, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Chriſtians.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it ſelf; and that which you find of it in the firſt and fifth Acts, touching the ſufferings and conſtancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illuſtrated, not alter'd from thoſe who have written of it.

### *The Names of the Perſons Repreſented.*

Indians Men,
- *Montezuma*, Emperour of *Mexico.*
- *Odmar*, his Eldeſt Son.
- *Guyomar*, his younger Son.
- *Orbellan*, Son to the late *Indian Queen* by *Traxalla.*
- *High Prieſt* of the *Sun.*

Women,
- *Cydaria*, *Montezuma*'s Daughter.
- *Almeria*, *Alibech*, } Siſters, and Daughter to the late *Indian Queen.*

Spaniards,
- *Cortez*, the *Spaniſh* General.
- *Vaſquez*, *Pizarro*, } Commanders under him.

The Scene *MEXICO* and two Leagues about it.

# Prologue.

*Almighty Critiques! whom our* Indians *here*
*Worship, just as they do the Devil, for fear.*
*In reverence to your pow'r I come this day*
*To give you timely warning of our Play.*
*The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same,*
*We wore last year before the* Spaniards *came:*
*Now if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed*
*From this poor Play, be all upon your head.*
*We neither promise you one Dance or Show,*
*Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:*
*But you, kind Wits, will those light faults excuse:*
*Those are the common frailties of the Muse;*
*Which who observes he buys his place too dear:*
*For 'tis your business to be consen'd here.*
*These wretched spies of wit must then confess*
*They take more pains to please themselves the less.*
*Grant us such Judges,* Phœbus *we request,*
*As still mistake themselves into a jest;*
*Such easie Judges, that our Poet may*
*Himself admire the fortune of his Play.*
*And arrogantly, as his fellows do,*
*Think he writes well, because he pleases you.*
*This he conceives not hard to bring about*
*If all of you would joyn to help him out.*
*Would each man take but what he understands,*
*And leave the rest upon the Poets hands.*

THE

# THE Indian Emperour.

## ACT I SCENE I.

*The* Scene, *A pleasant* Indian *Countrey.*

*Enter* Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, *with* Spaniards *and* Indians *of their party.*

*Cort.* ON what new happy Climate are we thrown,
So long kept secret, and so lately known;
As if our old world modestly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth a new!

*Vasq.* Corn, Wine, and Oyl are wanting to this ground,
In which our Countreys fruitfully abound:
As if this Infant world, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Natures Lap were laid.
No useful Arts have yet found footing here;
But all untaught and salvage does appear.

*Cort.* Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for fashions differing from our own:
For all their Customs are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.

*Piz.* In *Spain* our Springs like old Mens Children, be
Decay'd and wither'd from their infancy:
No kindly showers fall on our barren Earth,
To hatch the season in a timely birth.
Our Summer such a Russet Livery wears,
As in a Garment often d'yd appears.

*Cort.* Here Nature ſpreads her fruitful ſweetneſs round,
Breaths on the Air, and broods upon the ground.
Here days and nights the only ſeaſons be,
The Sun no Climat does ſo gladly ſee:
When forc'd from hence, to view our parts, he mourns;
Takes little journeys, and makes quick returns.
*Vaſq.* Methinks we walk in dreams on Fairy Land,
Where golden Ore lies mixt with common ſand;
Each downfal of a Flood the Mountains pour
From their rich bowels, rolls a ſilver ſhower.
*Cort.* Heaven from all ages wiſely did provide
This wealth, and for the braveſt Nation hide,
Who with four hundred Foot and forty Horſe,
Dare boldly go a New-found World to force.
*Piz.* Our Men, though valiant, we ſhould find too few,
But *Indians* joyn the *Indians* to ſubdue;
*Taxallan*, ſhook by *Montezuma*'s powers
Has to reſiſt his forces, call'd in ours.
*Vaſq.* Raſhly to arm againſt ſo great a King.
I hold not ſafe, nor is it juſt to bring
A War, without a fair Defiance made.
*Piz.* Declare we firſt our quarrel: then invade.
*Cort.* My ſelf, my Kings Ambaſſador, will go;
Speak *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico*?
*Ind.* Your eyes can ſcarce ſo far a Proſpect make,
As to diſcern the City on the Lake.
But that broad Cauſ-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by noon of day.
*Cort.* Command a party of our *Indians* out,
With a ſtrict charge not to engage, but ſcout;
By noble ways we Conqueſt will prepare,
Firſt offer Peace, and that refus'd, make War. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*A Temple, and the High Prieſt with other Prieſts.*

*To them an* Indian.

*Ind.* Haſte Holy Prieſt, it is the Kings command.
*High Pr.* When ſets he forward?
*Ind.* ——He is near at hand.
*High Pr.* The Incenſe is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already paſt.
Five hundred Captives ſaw the riſing Sun.
Who loſt their light e're half his Race was run.
That which remains we here muſt celebrate;
Where far from noiſe, without the City Gate,
The peaceful power that governs Love repairs,
To feaſt upon ſoft vows and ſilent pray'rs.
We for his Royal preſence only ſtay,
To end the Rites of this ſo ſolemn day. *Exit* Indian.

*Enter* Montezuma; *his eldeſt Son* Odmar; *his Daughter* Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, *and Train, they place themſelves.*

*High Pr.* On your birth-day, while we ſing,
To our Gods and to our King,
Her, among this beauteous quire,
Whoſe perfections you admire,
Her, who faireſt do s appear,
Crown the Queen of all the year.
Of the year and of the day,
And at her feet your Garland lay.
*Odm.* My Father this way does his looks direct,
Heaven grant he give it not where I ſuſpect.

Montezuma *riſes, goes about the Ladies, and at length ſtays at* Almeria *and bows.*

*Mont.* Since my *Orazia*'s death I have not ſeen
A Beauty ſo deſerving to be Queen.
As fair *Almeria.*

*Alm.*

*Alm.* ——Sure he will not know *To her Brother and Sister aside.*
My birth I to that injur'd Princeſs owe,
To whom not only he his love deny'd,
But in her ſufferings took unmanly pride.
*Alib.* Since *Montezuma* will his choice renew,
In dead *Orazia's* room electing you.
'Twill pleaſe our Mothers Ghoſt that you ſucceed
To all the glories of her Rivals bed.
*Alm.* If news be carried to the ſhades below,
The *Indian* Queen will be more pleas'd, to know
That I his ſcorns on him, who ſcorn'd her, pay.
*Orb.* Would you could right her ſome more noble way.
[*She turns to him who is kneeling all this while.*
*Mont.* Madam, this poſture is for Heaven deſign'd, [*Kneeling.*
And what moves Heaven I hope may make you kind.
*Alm.* Heaven may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,
And crimes below coſt little to forgive.
By thee, Inhumane, both by Parents dy'd;
One by thy Sword, the other by thy pride.
*Mont.* My haughty mind no fate could ever bow,
Yet I muſt ſtoop to one who ſcorns me now:
Is there no pity to my ſufferings due?
*Alm.* As much as what my Mother found from you.
*Mont.* Your Mothers wrongs a recompence ſhall meet,
I lay my Scepter at her Daughters feet.
*Alm.* He, who does now my leaſt Commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my pow'r away.
*Odm.* Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?
Is Love ſo pow'rful, or his Soul ſo weak?
I'le fright her from it; Madam, though you ſee
The King is kind, I hope your modeſty
Will know what diſtance to the Crown is due.
*Alm.* Diſtance and modeſty preſcrib d by you?
*Odm.* *Almeria* dares not think ſuch thoughts as theſe.
*Alm.* She dares both think and act what thoughts ſhe pleaſe.
'Tis much below me on his Throne to ſit;
But when I do, you ſhall petition it.

*Odm.*

*Odm.* If, Sir, *Almeria* does your bed partake,
I mourn for my forgotten Mothers ſake.
*Mont.* When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,
Let ſtreams preſcribe their Fountains where to run.
*Odm.* In all I urge, I keep my duty ſtill,
Not rule your Reaſon, but inſtruct your Will.
*Mont.* Small uſe of Reaſon in that Prince is ſhown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

Almeria *to* Orbellan *and* Alibech, *who are this while whispering to her.*

*Alm.* No, he ſhall ever love, and always be
The ſubject of my ſcorn and cruelty.
*Orb.* To prove the laſting torment of his life,
You muſt not be his Miſtreſs, but his Wife.
Few know what care an Husbands peace deſtroys,
His real griefs, and his diſſembled joys.
*Alm.* What mark of pleaſing vengeance could be ſhown,
If I to break his quiet loſe my own?
*Orb.* A Brothers life upon your Love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria*'s Eyes:
How can her Father to my hopes be kind
If in your heart, he no example find?
*Alm.* To ſave your life I'le ſuffer any thing,
Yet I'le not flatter this tempeſtuous King;
But work his ſtubborn Soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'le force him to obey.
I take this Garland, not as given by you, [*To* Montez.
But as my merit, and my beauties due.
As for the Crown that you, my ſlave, poſſeſs,
To ſhare it with you would but make me leſs.

*Enter* Guyomar *haſtily.*

*Odm.* My Brother *Guyomar*! methinks I ſpye
Haſt in his ſteps, and wonder in his Eye.
*Mont.* I ſent thee to the frontiers, quickly tell
The cauſe of thy return; are all things well?
*Guy.* I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmoſt limits of the Land:

To

To that Sea-ſhore where no more world is found,
But foaming billows breaking on the ground;
Where, for a while, my Eyes no object met
But diſtant Skies that in the Ocean ſet:
And low-hung Clouds that dipt themſelves in Rain
To ſhake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
At laſt, as far as I could caſt my Eyes
Upon the Sea, ſomewhat, methought, did riſe
Like blewiſh miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful ſhapes, and mov'd towards the ſhore.
*Mont.* What forms did theſe new wonders repreſent?
*Guy.* More ſtrange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could firſt diſtinctly view
Was tall ſtraight Trees which on the waters flew,
Wings on their ſides inſtead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow:
And at their roots grew floating Palaces,
Whoſe out-bow'd bellies cut the yielding Seas.
*Mont.* What Divine Monſters, O ye gods, are theſe
That float in Air, and flye upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the ſhore?
*Guy.* Alas, they liv'd too ſure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their ſides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their words break out in fire and ſmoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
Or theſe the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the noiſe I took my haſty flight,
No mortal courage can ſupport the fright.
*High Pr.* Old Prophecies foretel our fall at hand,
When bearded men in floating Caſtles land,
I fear it is of dire portent.
*Mont.* —— Go ſee
What it foreſhows, and what the gods decree.
Mean time proceed we to what Rites remain;
*Odmar*, of all this preſence does contain,
Give her your wreath whom you eſteem moſt fair.
*Odm.* Above the reſt I judge one Beauty rare

And may that Beauty prove as kind to me
As I am ſure fair *Alibech* is ſhe.

*He gives* Alibech *the wreath.*

*Mont.* You *Guyomar* muſt next perform your part.

*Guy.* I want a Garland, but I'le give a heart:
My Brothers pardon I muſt firſt implore,
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.

*Odm.* That all ſhould *Alibech* adore 'tis true,
But ſome reſpect is to my Birth-right due.
My claim to her by Elderſhip I prove.

*Guy.* Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

*Odm.* I long have ſtaid for this ſolemnity
To make my paſſion publick.

*Guy.*——So have I.

*Odm.* But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,
My Heart receiv'd the wounds which firſt ſhe gave:
I watcht the early glories of her Eyes,
As men for day-break watch the Eaſtern Skies.

*Guy.* It ſeems my Soul then mov'd the quicker pace,
Yours firſt ſet out, mine reach'd her in the race.

*Mont. Odmar*, your choice I cannot diſapprove;
Nor juſtly *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.
To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,
And let her ſentence finiſh your diſpute.

*Alib.* You thihk me, Sir, a Miſtreſs quickly won,
So ſoon to finiſh what is ſcarce begun:
In this ſurpriſe I can no judgement make:
'Tis anſwering Riddles e're I'm well awake:
If you oblige me ſuddenly to chuſe,
The choice is made, for I muſt both refuſe.
For to my ſelf I owe this due regard
Not to make Love my gift, but my reward;
Time beſt will ſhow whoſe ſervices will laſt.

*Odm.* Then judge my future ſervice by my paſt,
What I ſhall be by what I was, you know:
That Love took deepeſt root which firſt did grow.

*Guy.* That Love which firſt was ſet will firſt decay,
Mine of a freſher date will longer ſtay.

*Odm.* Still you forget my Birth.

*Gny.* ——But you, I ſee,
Take care ſtill to refreſh my memory.
*Mont.* My Sons, let your unſeemly diſcord ceaſe,
If not in friendſhip, live at leaſt in peace.
*Orbellan*, where you love beſtow your wreath.
*Orb.* My Love I dare ev'n in whiſpers breath.
*Mont.* A vertuous Love may venture any thing.
*Orb.* Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.
*Mont.* Whither is all my former fury gone?
Once more I have *Traxalla*'s Chains put on,
And by his Children am in triumph led,
Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!
*Alm.* You think my Brother born your Enemy
He's of *Taxalla*'s Blood, and ſo am I.
*Mont.* In vain I ſtrive,
My Lyon-heart is with Loves toyls beſet,
Strugling, I fall ſtill deeper in the Net.
*Cydaria* your new Lovers Garland take,
And uſe him kindly for your Fathers ſake.
*Cyd.* So ſtrong a hatred does my nature ſway,
That ſpight of duty I muſt diſobey.
Beſides you warn'd me ſtill of loving two,
Can I love him already loving you?

*Enter a Guard haſtily*

*Mont.* You look amaz'd as if ſome ſudden fear
Had ſeiz'd your hearts; is any danger near?
1. *Guard.* Behind the covert where this Temple ſtands,
Thick as the ſhades, there iſſue ſwarming bands
Of ambuſh'd men, whom by their Arms and Dreſs,
To be *Taxcallan* Enemies I gueſs.

*Another Enters.*

2 *Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almoſt compaſt round.
*Mont.* Some ſpeedy way for paſſage muſt be found.
Make to the City by the Poſtern Gate,
I'le either force my victory, or Fate;
A glorious death in Arms I'le rather prove,
Than ſtay to periſh tamely by my Love.

*An Allarme within.* *Enter* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, *as purſued by* Taxallans.

*Mont.* No ſuccor from the Town?
*Odm.* ———None, none is nigh.
*Guy.* We are inclos'd, and muſt reſolve to die.
*Mont.* Fight for revenge now hope of life is paſt,
But one ſtroke more and that will be my laſt.

*Enter* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *to the* Taxallans, Cortez, *ſtays them, juſt falling on.*

*Cort.* Contemn'd? my orders broke even in my ſight! } *To his*
Did I not ſtrictly charge you ſhould not fight? } Indians.
*Ind.* Your choller, General, does unjuſtly riſe,
To ſee your Friends purſue your Enemies;
The greateſt and moſt cruel foes we have
Are theſe whom you would ignorantly ſave;
By ambuſh'd men, behind their Temple laid,
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.
*Cort.* Where baniſh'd Vertue, wilt thou ſhew thy face
If treachery infects thy *Indian* race!
Diſmiſs your rage, and lay your weapons by:
Know I protect them, and they ſhall not dye.
*Ind.* O wond'rous mercy ſhown to foes diſtreſt!
*Cort.* Call them not ſo, when once with odds oppreſt,
Nor are they Foes my clemency defends,
Until they have refus'd the name of Friends:
Draw up our *ſpaniards* by themſelves, then fire *To* Vaſq.
Our Guns on all who do not ſtraight retire.
*Ind.* O mercy, mercy, at thy feet we fall, Ind. *kneeling.*
Before thy roaring gods deſtroy us all;
See we retreat without the leaſt reply, *The* Taxallans *retire.*
Keep thy gods ſilent, if they ſpeak we dye,
*Mont.* The fierce *Taxallans* lay their weapons down,
Some miracle in our relief is ſhown.
*Guy.* Theſe bearded men, in ſhape and colour be
Like thoſe I ſaw come floating on the Sea. [Mont. *kneels to* Cort.

*Mont* Patron of *Mexico* and god of Ware,
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars.
*Cort.* Great Monarch, your Devotion you misplace.
*Mont.* Thy Actions shew thee born of Heavenly Race.
If then thou art that cruel god, whose Eyes
Delight in Blood, and Humane Sacrifice,
Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will store,
And feed thy Nostrils with hot reeking gore;
Or if that mild and gentle god thou be,
Who dost mankind below with pity see
With breath of Incense I will glad thy heart;
But if like us, of mortal seed thou art,
Presents of rarest Fowls, and Fruits I'le bring,
And in my Realms thou shalt be more then King.
*Cort.* Monarch of Empires, and deserving more
Then the Sun sees upon your Western shore;
Like you a man, and hither led by Fame,
Not by constraint but by my choice I came;
Ambassador of Peace, if Peace you chuse,
Or Herauld of a War, if you refuse.
*Mont.* Whence or from whom dost thou these offers bring?
*Cort.* From *Charles* the Fifth, the Worlds most potent King.
*Mont.* Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,
For to this hour I never heard his name:
The two great Empires of the World I know,
That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;
And since the earth none larger does afford,
This *Charles* is some poor Tributary Lord.
*Cort.* You speak of that small part of Earth you knew,
But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,
And watry deserts of so vast extent,
That passing hither, four full Moons we spent.
*Mont.* But say, what news, what offers dost thou bring
From so remote, and so unknown a King? (thinks fit
*Vasq.* *Spain*'s mighty Monarch, to whom Heaven
That all the Nations of the Earth submit,
In gracious clemency, does condescend
On these conditions to become your Friend.

*While* Vasq *speaks* Cort. *spies the Ladies and goes to them, entertaining* Cydaria *with Courtship in dumb show.*

First,

First, that of him you shall your Scepter hold,
Next, you present him with your useless Gold:
Last, that you leave those Idols you adore,
And one true Deity with Pray'rs implore.

*Mont.* You speak your Prince a mighty Emperor,
But his demands have spoke him Proud, and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,
Yet poorly begs a Mettal I despise.
Gold thou may'st take, whatever thou canst find,
Save what for Sacred uses is design'd:
But, by what right pretends your King to be
This Soveraign Lord of all the World, and me?

*Piz.* The Soveraign Priest,———
Who represents on Earth the pow'r of Heaven,
Has this your Empire to your Monarch given.

*Mont.* Ill does he represent the Powers above,
Who nourishes debate, not Preaches Love;
Besides, what greater folly can be shown?
He gives another what is not his own.

*Vasq.* His pow'r must needs unquestion'd be below,
For he in Heaven an Empire can bestow.

*Mont.* Empires in Heaven he with more ease may give,
And you perhaps would with less thanks receive;
But Heaven has need of no such Vice-roy here,
It self bestows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.

*Piz.* You wrong his power as you mistake our end,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.

*Mont.* He who Religion truly understands
Knows its extent must be in Men, not Lands.

*Odm.* But who are those that truth must propagate
Within the confines of my Fathers state?

*Vasq.* Religious Men, who hither must be sent
As awful guides of Heavenly Government;
To teach you Pennance, Fasts, and Abstinence,
To punish Bodies for the Souls offence.

*Mont.* Cheaply you sin, and punish crimes with ease,
Not as th' offended, but th' offenders please.

First injure Heaven, and when its wrath is due,
Your ſelves preſcribe it how to puniſh you.

*Odm.* What numbers of theſe Holy Men muſt come?

*Piz.* You ſhall not want, each Village ſhall have ſome;
Who, though the Royal Dignity they own,
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

*Guy,* Depend on none! you treat them ſure in ſtate,
For 'tis their plenty does their pride create.

*Mont.* Thoſe ghoſtly Kings would parcel out my pow'r,
And all the fatneſs of my Land devour;
That Monarch ſits not ſafely on his Throne,
Who ſuffers any pow'r to ſhock his own.
They teach obedience to Imperial ſway,
But think it ſin if they themſelves obey.

*Vaſq.* It ſeems then our Religion you accuſe,
And peaceful homage to our King refuſe.

*Mont.* Your gods I ſlight not, but will keep my own,
My Crown is abſolute, and holds of none;
I cannot in a baſe ſubjection live,
Nor ſuffer you to take though I would give.

*Cort.* Is this your anſwer, Sir?

*Mont.* ——This as a Prince,
Bound to my Peoples and my Crowns defence,
I muſt return, but, as a Man by you
Redeem'd from death, all gratitude is due.

*Cort.* Honour requir'd that Act, ev'n from a Foe,
But what I did were I again to do,
That Reaſon which inclin'd my Will before
Would urge it now, for Love has fir'd it more.
Is no way left that we may yet agree?
Muſt I have War, yet have no Enemy?

*Vaſq.* He has refus'd all terms of Peace to take.

*Mont.* Since we muſt fight, hear Heav'n, what Prayers I make,
Firſt to preſerve this antient State and me,
But if your doom the fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has ſuch Honour ſhown,
When I am Duſt, may fill my empty Throne.

*Cort.*

*Cort.* To make me happier than that wiſh can do,
Lies not in all your gods to grant, but you;
Let this fair Princeſs but one minute ſtay,
A look from her will your obligements pay.

*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan, Almeria, *and* Alibech.

*Mont*, to *Cyd.* Your Duty in your quick return be ſhown,
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. *To his Guards.*

Cydaria *is going, but turns and looks back upon* Cortez, *who is looking on her all this while.*

*Cyd.* My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go,
Sure I have ſomething loſt or left behind! *Aſide.*

*Cort.* Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
I on her beauty gaze till I am blind. *Aſide.*

*Cyd.* Thick breath, quick pulſe, and heaving of my heart,
All ſigns of ſome unwonted change appear:
I find my ſelf unwilling to depart,
And yet I know not why I would be here.
Stranger you raiſe ſuch ſtorms within my breaſt.
That when I go, if I muſt go again;
I'le tell my Father you have rob'd my reſt,
And to him of your injuries complain.

*Cort.* Unknown, I ſwear thoſe wrongs were which I wrought,
But my complaints will much more juſt appear,
Who from another World my freedom brought,
And to your conquering Eyes have loſt it here.

*Cyd.* Where is that other World from whence you came?

*Cort.* Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.

*Cyd.* Your other World, I fear, is then the ſame
That Souls muſt go to when the body dies.
But what's the cauſe that keeps you here with me?
That I may know what keeps me here with you?

*Cort.* Mine is a Love which muſt perpetual be,
If you can be ſo juſt as I am true. *Enter* Orbellan

*Orb.* Your Father wonders much at your delay.

*Cyd.* So great a wonder for ſo ſmall a ſtay!

*Orb.* He has commanded you with me to go.

*Cyd.* Has he not ſent to bring the ſtranger too?

*Orb.*

*Orb.* If he to morrow dares in fight appear,
His high-plac'd Love, perhaps may coſt him dear.
*Cort.* That word was never ſpoke to *Spaniard* yet,
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;
Haſt quickly with thy pledge of ſafety hence,
Thy guilt's protected by her innocence.
*Cyd.* Sure in ſome fatal hour my Love was born,
So ſoon o'rcaſt with abſence in the morn!
*Cort.* Turn hence thoſe pointed glories of your Eyes,
For if more charms within thoſe Circles riſe,
So weak my Vertue, they ſo ſtrong appear,
I ſhall turn raviſher to keep you here. *Exeunt omnes.*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE, *The Magicians Cave.*

*Enter* Montezuma, *High Prieſt.*

*Mont.* NOT that I fear the utmoſt Fate can do,
Come I th' event of doubtful War to know;
For Life and Death are things indifferent,
Each to be choſe as either brings content;
My ſearch does from a nobler Motive ſpring;
Love rules my heart, and is your Monarchs King;
I more deſire to know *Almeria*'s mind,
Then all that Heaven has for my ſtate deſign'd.
*High Pr.* By powerful Charms which nothing can withſtand,
I'le force the Gods to tell what you demand.

*Charm.*

Thou Moon, that aid'ſt us with thy Magick might,
And ye ſmall Stars, the ſcattered ſeeds of light,
Dart you pale beams into this gloomy place,
That the ſad powers of the Infernal race
May read above what's hid from Humane Eyes,
And in your Walks, ſee Empires fall and riſe.

And

And ye immortal Souls, who once were Men,
And now resolv'd to Elements agen,
Who wait for mortal frames in depths below,
And did before what we are doom'd to do;
Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my Sacred wand,
Ascend, ascend, ascend at my command.

*An Earthy Spirit rises.*

*Spir.* In vain, O mortal men your Prayers implore
The aid of powers below, which want it more:
A God more strong, who all the gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
The Air swarms thick with wandring Deities,
Which drowsily like humming Beetles rise
From their lov'd Earth, where peacefully they slept,
And far from Heaven a long possession kept.
The frighted *Satyrs* that in Woods delight,
Now into Plains with prick'd up Ears take flight;
And scudding thence, while they their horn-feet ply
About their Sires the little *Silvans* cry.
A Nation loving Gold must rule this place,
Our Temples ruine, and our Rites deface:
To them, O King, is thy lost Scepter given,
Now mourn thy fatal search, for since wise Heaven
More ill then good to Mortals does dispense,
It is not safe to have too quick a sense. *Descends.*

*Mont.* Mourn they, who think repining can remove
The firm Decrees of those who rule above,
The brave are safe within, who still dare dye,
When e're I fall I'le scorn my destiny.
Doom as they please my Empire not to stand,
I'le grasp my Scepter with my dying hand.

*High Pr.* Those Earthy Spirits black and envious are,
I'le call up other gods of form more fair:
Who visions dress in pleasing Colours still,
Set all the good to show, and hide the ill.
*Kalib*, ascend, my fair-spoke servant rise,
And sooth my Heart with pleasing Prophecies.

*Kalib* ascends all in white in the shape of a Woman, and sings.

Kalib. *I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,*
*Where many days did lower.*
*When lo one happy hour*
*Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State;*
*A day shall come when in thy power*
*Thy cruel Foes shall be;*
*Then shall thy Land be free,*
*And thou in Peace shalt Raign:*
*But take, O take that opportunity,*
*Which once refus'd will never come again.* *Descends.*

*Mont.* I shall deserve my Fate if I refuse
That happy hour which Heaven allots, to use;
But of my Crown thou too much care dost take,
That which I value more, my Love's at stake.

*High Pr.* Arise ye subtle Spirits that can spy,
When Love is enter'd in a Females eye;
You that can read in the midst of doubt,
And in the midst of frowns can find it out;
You that can search those many corner'd minds,
Where Womans crooked fancy, turns, and winds;
You that can Love explore, and truth impart,
Where both lye deepest hid in Womans heart,
Arise—— *The Ghosts of* Traxalla *and* Acacis *arise, they stand still and point at* Montez.

*High Pr.* I did not for these Ghastly Visions send,
Their sudden coming does some ill portend;
Begon,——begon,——they will not dit appear,
My Soul is seiz'd with an unusual fear.

*Mont.* Point on, point on, and see whom you can fright,
Shame and Confusion seize these shades of night;
Ye thin and empty forms am I your sport? *They smile.*
If you were flesh——
You know you durst not use me in this sort.

*The Ghost of the* Indian Queen *rises betwixt the Ghosts with a Dagger in her Breast.*

*Mont.* Ha! I feel

I feel my Hair grow ſtiff, my Eyes-balls rowl,
This is the only form could ſhake my Soul.

Ghoſt. *The hopes of thy ſucceſſleſs Love reſigne,*
*Know* Montezuma, *thou art only mine;*
*For thoſe who here on Earth their paſſion ſhow,*
*By death for Love, receive their right below.*
*Why doſt thou then delay my longing Arms?*
*Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life ſuch Charms!*
*The Moon grows ſickly at the ſight of day,*
*And early Cocks have ſummon'd me away:*
*Yet I'le appoint a meeting place below*
*For there fierce winds o're duskie Vallies blow*
*Whoſe every puff bears empty ſhades away,*
*Which guideleſs in thoſe dark Dominions ſtray.*
*Juſt at the entrance of the Fields below*
*Thou ſhalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,*
*Safe in its hollow trunk I will attend,*
*And ſeize thy Spirit when thou doſt deſcend,* *Deſcends.*

*Mont.* I'le ſeize thee there, thou Meſſenger of Fate:
Would my ſhort Life had yet a ſhorter date!
I'm weary of this fleſh which holds us here,
And daſtards manly Souls with hope and fear.
Theſe heats and colds ſtill in our breaſts make War,
Agues and Feavers all our paſſions are. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE, II.

Cydaria *and* Alibech, *betwixt the two Armies.*

*Alib.* Bleſſings will Crown your Name if you prevent
That Blood, which in this Battel will be ſpent;
Nor need you fear ſo juſt a ſuit to move,
Which both becomes your Duty and your Love.

*Cyd.* But think you he will come? their Camp is near,
And he already knows I wait him here.

*Alib.* You are too young your power to underſtand,
Lovers take wing upon the leaſt Command;
Already he is here. *Enter* Cortez *and* Valquez *to them.*

*Cort.* Methinks like two black storms on either hand,
Our *Spanish* Army, and your *Italian* stand;
This only space betwixt the Clouds is clear,
Where you, like day, broke loose from both appear.

*Cyd.* Those closing Skies might still continue bright,
But who can help it if you'l make it night?
The Gods have given you power of Life and Death,
Like them to save or ruine with a breath.

*Cort.* That pow'r they to your Father did dispose,
'Twas in his choice to make us Friends or Foes.

*Alib.* Injurious strength would Rapine still excuse,
By offring terms the weaker must refuse;
And such as these your hard conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.

*Cort.* If for my self to Conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my actions justly blame:
Now I am sent, and am not to dispute
My Princes orders, but to execute.

*Alib.* He who his Prince so blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith his Vertue throws away.

*Cort.* Monarchs may erre, but should each private breast
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best.

*Cyd.* Then all your care is for your Prince I see,
Your truth to him out-weighs your Love to me;
You may so cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that, pretend to Love.

*Cort.* Command my Life, and I will soon obey,
To save my Honour, I my Blood will pay.

*Cyd.* What is this Honour which does Love controul?

*Cort.* A raging fit of Vertue in the Soul;
A painful burden which great minds must bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and possest with fear.

*Cyd.* Lay down that burden if it painful grow,
You'l find without it, Love will lighter go.

*Cort.* Honour once lost is never to be found.

*Alib.* Perhaps he looks to have both passions crown'd;
First dye his Honour in a purple Flood,
Then court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.

*Cort.* The edge of War I'le from the Battle take,
And ſpare her Father's Subjects for her ſake.
*Cyd.* I canot love you leſs when I'm refus'd,
But I can dye to be unkindly us'd;
Where ſhall a Maids diſtracted Heart find reſt,
If ſhe can miſs it in her Lovers breſt?
*Cort.* I till to morrow will the fight delay,
Remember you have conquer'd me to day.
*Alib.* This grant deſtroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;
Our Women in the foremoſt ranks appear,
March to the Fight and meet your Miſtriſs there:
Into the thickeſt Squadrons ſhe muſt run,
Kill her, and ſee what Honour will be won.
*Cyd.* I muſt be in the Battle, but I'le go
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal ſtrife.
For fear its point ſhould reach your Noble life. [*Enter* Pizarro.
*Cort,* No more, your kindneſs wounds me to the death,
Honour be gone, what art thou but a breath?
I'le live, proud of my infamy and ſhame,
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lovers name;
Men can but ſay, Love did his reaſon blind,
And Love's the Nobleſt frailty of the mind.
Draw off my Men, the War's already done.
*Piz.* Your Orders come too late, the Fight's begun,
The Enemy gives on with fury led,
And fierce *Orbellan* combats in their head.
*Cort.* He juſtly fears a Peace with me would prove
Of ill concernment to his haughty Love;
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
New Honour, but to lay it at your feet.

*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro.

*Enter* Odmar *and* Guyomar *to* Alibech *and* Cydaria.

*Odm.* Now, Madam, ſince a danger does appear
Worthy my Conrage, though below my Fear,

Give

Give leave to him who may in Battel dye,
Before his Death to ask his destiny.

*Guy.* He cannot dye whom you command to live,
Before the Fight you can the conquest give;
Speak where you'l place it?

*Alib.* ——— Briefly then to both,
One I in secret love, the other loath;
But where I hate, my hate I will not show,
And he I love, my Love shall never know;
True worth shall gain me, that it may be sed,
Desert, not fancy, once a Woman led.
He who in fight his courage shall oppose
With most success against his Countreys Foes,
From me shall all that recompense receive
That Valour merits, or that Love can give:
'Tis true my hopes and fears are all for one,
But hopes and fears are to my self alone,
Let him not shun the danger of the strife,
I but his Love, his Countrey claims his Life.

*Odm.* All obstacles my Courage shall remove.

*Guy.* Fall on, fall on.

*Odm.* ——— For Liberty.

*Guy.* ——— For Love. *Exeunt, the Women following.*

SCENE *Changes to the* Indian *Countrey.*

*Enter* Montezuma *attended by the* Indians.

*Mont.* Charge, charge, their ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,
Bold in close Ambush, base in open Field:
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:
Thus fought, thus Conquer'd I when I was young. *Exit.*

*Alarm, Enter* Cortez *Bloody.*

*Cort.* Furies pursue these false *Taxallans* Flight,
Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not Fight?
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
Of help from such, who where they hate show fear!

*Enter* Pizarro, Vasquez.

*Piz.* The Field grows thin, and those that now remain,
Appear but like the shadows of the Slain.

*Vasq.*

*Vasq.* The fierce old King is vaniſh'd from the Place,
And in a Cloud of duſt Purſues the Chaſe.
*Cort.* Their eager Chaſe diſorder'd does appear,
Command our Horſe to charge them in the rear; *To* Vasq.
You to our old *Caſtillian* Foot retire, *To* Piz.
Who yet ſtand firm, and at their backs give Fire.
*Exeunt ſeverally.*

*Enter* Odmar *and* Guyomar *meeting each other in the Battel.*

*Odm.* Where haſt thou been ſince firſt the Fight began,
Thou leſs then Woman in the ſhape of Man;
*Guy.* Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.
*Odm.* Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I ſlew,
And left it ſticking ere my Sword I drew.
*Guy.* I ſought not Honour on ſo baſe a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be ſlain;
I fell'd along a man of Bearded face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a ſhining caſe:
So wondrous heard, and ſo ſecure of wound,
It made my Sword, though edg'd with Flint, rebound.
*Odm.* I kill'd a double man, the one halfe lay
Upon the ground, the other ran away. *Guns goe off within.*

*Enter* Montezuma *out of breath, with him* Alibech *and an* Indian.

*Mont.* All's loſt———
Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder fight,
My Men in vain ſhun death by ſhameful Flight;
For deaths Inviſible come wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful noiſe and ſtraight expire.
Take, gods, that Soul ye did in ſpight create,
And made it great to be unfortunate:
Ill Fate for me unjuſtly you provide,
Great Souls are Sparks of your own Heavenly Pride:
That luſt of power we from your god-heads have,
You're bound to pleaſe thoſe Appetites you gave.

*Enter* Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with* Spaniards.

*Vaſq.* *Pizarro*, I have hunted hard to day,
Into our toyls the nobleſt of the prey;

Seize

Seize on the King, and him your Priſoner make,
While I in kind revenge my taker take.

Pizarro *with two goes to attacque the King* Vaſquez *with another to ſeize* Alibech.

*Guy.* Their danger is alike, whom ſhall I free?

*Odm.* I'le follow Love.

*Guy.* ——— I'le follow Piety.

Odmar *retreats from* Vaſquez *with* Alibech *off the Stage,* Guyomar *Fights for his Father.*

*Guy.* Fly, Sir, while I give back that life you gave,
Mine is well loſt, if I your life can ſave.

Montezuma *Fights off,* Guyomar *making his retreat, ſtays.*

*Guy.* 'Tis more than Man can do to ſcape them all,
Stay, let me ſee where nobleſt I may fall.

*He runs at* Vaſquez, *is ſeized behind and taken.*

*Vaſq.* Conduct him off,
And give command he ſtrictly guarded be.

*Guy.* In vain are guards, Death ſets the valiant free.

*Exit* Guyomar *with Guards.*

*Vaſq.* A Glorious day! and bravely was it fought,
Great Fame our General in great dangers ſought;
From his ſtrong Arm I ſaw his Rival run,
And in a crowd, th' unequal Combat ſhun.

*Enter* Cortez *leading* Cydaria, *who ſeems weeping, and begging of him.*

*Cort.* Mans force is fruitleſs, and your gods would fail
To ſave the City, but your Tears prevail;
I'le of my Fortune no advantage make,
Thoſe Terms they had once giv'n, they ſtill may take.

*Cyd.* Heaven has of right all victory deſign'd,
Where boundleſs pow'r dwells in a will confin'd;
Your Spaniſh Honour does the World excel.

*Cort.* Our greateſt Honour is in loving well.

*Cyd.* Strange ways you practiſe there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.

*Cort.* Love is with us, as Natural as here,
But fetter'd up with Cuſtoms more ſevere;

In

In tedious Courtship we declare our pain,
And e're we kindness find, first meet disdain.
*Cyd.* If Women love, they needless pains endure,
Their Pride and Folly, but delay their Cure.
*Cort.* What you mis-call their Folly, is their care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are:
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiously believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.
*Cyd.* But if they are not trusted when they vow,
What other marks of passion can they show?
*Cort.* With Feasts, and Musick, all that brings delight,
Men treat their Eares, their Palates, and their sight.
*Cyd.* Your Gallants sure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sence:
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they woe,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can such toys your Womens passion move?
This is but noise and tumult, 'tis not Love.
*Cort.* I have no reason, Madam, to excuse
Those wayes of Gallantry I did not use;
My Love was true, and on a Nobler score.
*Cyd.* Your Love! Alas! then have you lov'd before?
*Cort.* 'Tis true I lov'd, but she's Dead, she's Dead,
And I should think with her all Beauty Fled,
Did not her fair resemblance live in you,
And by that Image, my first Flames renew.
*Cyd.* A happy Beauty whosoe're thou art!
Though dead thou keep'st possession of his Heart;
Thou mak'st me jealous to the last degree,
And art my Rival in his Memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more then so,
Thou Liv'st and Triumph'st o're *Cydaria* too.
*Cort.* What strange disquiet has uncalm'd your breast,
Inhumane fair, to rob the dead of rest!
Poor Heart! She slumbers in her silent Tomb,
Let her possess in Peace that narrow Room.

*Cyd.* Poor heart, he pitties and bewails her death!
Some god, much hated Soul, restore thy breath
That I may kill thee, but some ease I will be,
I'le kill my self for but resembling thee.

*Cort.* I dread your anger, your disquiet fear,
But blows from hands so soft who would not hear?
So kind a passion why should I remove?
Since jealousie but shows how well we love.
Yet jealousie so strange I never knew,
Can she who loves me not disquiet you?
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Brest,
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at rest.

*Cyd.* That she no longer loves, brings no relief,
Your Love to her still lives, and that's my grief.

*Cort.* The object of desire once ta'ne away,
Tis then not Love, but pity which we pay.

*Cyd.* 'Tis such a pity I should never have,
'When I must lye forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you should love none beside,
But you are false already.

*Cort.* ——— If untrue,
By Heaven my falshood is to her, not you.

*Cyd.* Observe sweet Heaven, how falsly he does swear,
You said you lov'd me for resembling her.

*Cort.* That Love was in me by resemblance bred,
But shows you chear'd my sorrows for the Dead.

*Cyd.* You still repeat the greatness of your grief.

*Cort.* If that was great, How great was the relief?

*Cyd.* The first Love still the strongest we account.

*Cort.* That seems more strong which could the first surmount:
But if you still continue thus unkind,
Whom I love best, you by my Death shall find.

*Cyd.* If you should die, my Death should yours pursue,
But yet I am not satisfi'd you're true.

*Cort.* Hear me ye gods, and punish him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold so dear.

*Cyd.* You would deceive the Gods and me, she's dead,
And is not in the World, whose Love I dread.

Name

Name not the world, say nothing is so dear.

*Cort.* Then nothing is, let that secure your fear.

*Cyd.* 'Tis Time must wear it off, but I must go.
Can you your constancy in absence show?

*Court.* Mis-doubt my constancy and do not try,
But stay and keep me ever in your eye.

*Cyd.* If as a Prisoner I were here, you might
Have them insisted on a Conqu'rours right,
And stay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th'effect of force, and I would give it free.

*Cort.* To doubt your Vertue or your Love were sin;
Call for the Captive Prince, and bring him in.

*Enter* Guyomar *bound and sad.*

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear. [*To* Guyomar.
Are *Spanish* Fetters then so hard to wear?
Fortune's unjust, she ruines oft the brave,
And him who should be Victor, makes the Slave.

*Guy.* Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be
But Glorious for me, since put on by thee;
The ills of Love, not those of Fate I fear,
These I can brave, but those I cannot bear;
My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In freedom reaps the fruit of all my Pains.

*Cort.* Let it be never said, that he whose breast
Is fill'd with Love, should break a Lovers rest;
Haste, lose no time, your Sister sets you Free,
And tell the King, my Generous Enemy,
I offer still those termes he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

*Guy.* Brother (that Name my breast shall ever own, } *He embraces him.*
The Name of foe be but in Battels known;)
For some few dayes all Hostile Acts forbear,
That if the King consents, it seem not fear;
His heart is Noble, and great Souls must be
Most soug't and Courted in Adversity.
Three dayes I hope the wisht success will tell.

*Cyd.* Till that long time.——

*Cort.*——Till that long time, farewel. *Ex severally.*

# ACT. III.

## SCENE, *Chamber Royal.*

*Enter* Odmar *and* Alibech.

*Odm.* THe gods, fair *Alibech*, had so decreed,
Nor could my Valour against Fate succeed;
Yet though our Army brought not conquest home
I did not from the Fight inglorious come:
If as a Victor you the brave regard,
Successless Courage then may hope reward.
And I returning safe, may justly boast
To win the prize which my dead Brother lost. *Enter* Guyomar *behind him.*

*Guy.* No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be
A Witness, both against himself and thee;
Though both in safety are return'd again,
I blush to ask her Love for vanquisht Men.

*Odm.* Brother, I'le not dispute, but you are brave,
Yet I was free, and you it seemes a Slave.

*Guy. Odmar*, 'tis true, that I was Captive led
As publickly is known, as that you fled;
But of two shames if she must one partake,
I think the choice will not be hard to make.

*Odm.* Freedom and Bondage in her choice remain,
Dar'st thou expect she will put on thy Chain?

*Guy.* No, no, fair *Alibech*, give him the Crown,
My Brother is return'd with high Renown.
He thinks by Flight his Mistress must be won,
And claims the prize because he best did run.

*Alib.* Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wise,
But neither have o'recome your Enemies:
My secret wishes would my choice decide,
But open Justice bends to neither side.

*Odm.* Justice already does my right approve,
If him who loves you most, you most should love.

My

My Brother poorly from your aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to succour you.

*Guy*, Her Country she did to her self prefer,
Him who fought best, not who defended her;
Since she her interest for the Nations wav'd,
Then I who sav'd the King, the Nation sav'd;
You aiding her, your Country did betray,
I aiding him, did her commands obey.

*Odm.* Name it no more, in Love, there is a time
When dull Obedience is the greatest Crime;
She to her Countries use resign'd your Sword,
And you kind Lover, took her at her word;
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,
Seek your reward from Duty, not from her.

*Guy.* In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own desire,
That Fought for her, which when I did subdue
'Twas much the easier task I left for you.

*Alib. Odmar*, a more then common Love has shown,
And *Guyomar's* was greater, or was none;
Which I should chuse, some god direct my brest,
The certain good, or the uncertain best:
I cannot chuse, you both dispute in vain,
Time and your future Acts must make it plain;
First raise the Siege, and set your Country free,
I not the Judge, but the reward will be.

*To them, Enter* Montezuma *talking with* Almeria *and* Orbellan.

*Mont.* Madam, I think with reason I extol
The Vertue of the *Spanish* General;
When all the gods our Ruine have fore-told,
Yet generously he does his Arms with-hold,
And offering Peace, the first conditions make.

*Alm.* When Peace is offer'd 'tis too late to take;
For one poor loss to stoop to termes like those,
Were we o'recome, What could they worse impose?
Go, go, with homage your proud Victors meet,
Go lie like Dogs, beneath your Masters Feet.

Go

Go and beget, them Slaves to dig their Mines,
And groan for Gold which now in Temples shines;
Your shameful story shall record of me,
The men all crouch'd, and left a woman free.

*Guy.* Had I not Fought, or durst not Fight again,
I my suspected Counsel should refrain:
For I wish Peace, and any terms prefer
Before the last extremities of War.
We but exasp'rate those we cannot harme,
And Fighting gains us but to dye more warme:
If that be Cowardice, which dares not see
The insolent effects of Victory.
The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries;
Then I am fearful, let the brave advise.

*Odm.* Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
Have prosperously begun a doubtful War:
But now our Foes with less advantage Fight,
Their strength decreases with our *Indians* Fright.

*Mont.* This Noble Vote does with my wish comply,
I am for War.

*Alm.* ——— And so am I.

*Orb.* ——— And I.

*Mont.* Then send to break the truce, and I'le take care
To chear the Souldiers, and for Fight prepare.

*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

*Alm to Orb.* 'Tis now the hour which all to rest allow, Almeria
And sleep sits heavy upon every brow; *stays* Orbellan.
In this dark silence softly leave the Town, } Guyomar *returns*
And to the *Generals* tent, 'tis quickly known } *and hears them.*
Direct your steps: you may dispatch him strait,
Drown'd in his sleep, and easie for his Fate:
Besides, the truce will make the Guards more slack.

*Orb.* Courage which leads me on, will bring me back:
But I more fear the baseness of the thing:
Remorse, you know, bears a perpetual sting.

*Alm.* For mean remorse no room the Valiant finds,
Repentance is the Vertue of weak minds;
For want of judgment, keeps them doubtful still,
They may repent of good, VVho can of ill?

But

But daring Courage makes ill actions good,
'Tis foolish pity spares a Rivals blood;
You shall about it straight. ——— *Exeunt* Almeria, Orbellan.

*Guy.* ——— Would they betray
His sleeping Vertue, by so mean a way!
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nations Foe,
I wish him dead ——— but cannot wish it so;
Either my Country never must be freed,
Or I consenting to so black a deed.
VVould Chance had never led my steps this way,
Now if he dies I murther him, not they;
Something must be resolv'd e're 'tis too late,
He gave me freedom, I'le prevent his Fate. [*Exit* Guyomar.

## SCENE II. *A Camp.*

*Enter* Cortez *alone in a Night-gown.*

*Cort.* All things are hush'd, as Natures self lay dead,
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie head;
The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers, beneath the night-dew sweat;
Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies
Rest to my Soul, and slumber to my Eyes.
Three dayes I promis'd to attend my Doom,
And two long dayes and nights are yet to come:
'Tis sure the noise of some Tumultuous fight, *Noise within.*
They break the truce, and sally out by Night.

*Enter* Orbellan *flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.*

*Orb.* Betray'd! pursu'd! Oh whither shall I fly?
See, see, the just reward of Treachery;
I'm sure among the Tents, but know not where,
Ev'n night wants darkness to secure my fear.

*Comes near* Cortez *who hears him.*

*Cort.* Stand, who goes there?
*Orb.* ——— Alas, VVhat shall I say! *Aside.*
A poor *Tlaxallan* that mistook his way; *To him.*
And wanders in the terrours of the night.

*Cort.*

*Cort.* Souldier thou seem'st afraid, whence comes thy fright?
*Orb.* The insolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my fear,
Who in the dark pursu'd me entring here.
*Cort.* Their Crimes shall meet immediate punishment,
But stay thou safe within the Generals Tent.
*Orb.* Still worse and worse.
*Cort.* — Fear not but follow me,
Upon my Life I'le set thee safe and free.

Cortez *leads him in, and returns.*

*To him* Vasquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *with Torches.*

*Vasq.* O Sir thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend
That you are safe, *Orbellan* did intend
This night to kill you sleeping in your Tent,
But *Guyomar*, his trusty Slave has sent,
Who following close his silent steps by night
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the light,
Cry'd seize the Traytor, seize the Murtherer:
The cruel Villain fled I know not where,
But far he is not, for he this way bent.
*Piz.* Th'inraged Souldiers seek, from Tent to Tent,
With lighted Torches, and in Love to you,
With bloody Vows his hated life pursue.
*Vasq.* This Messenger does since he came relate,
That the old King, after a long debate;
By this imperious Mistress blindly led,
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan*'s Bed.
*Cort. Vasquez*, the trusty Slave with you retain,
Retire a while, I'le call you back again. [*Exeunt* Vasq. Piz.

Cortez *at his Tent door.*

*Cort. Indian* come forth, your Enemies are gone,
And I who sav'd you from them, here alone;
You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,
Dare you not look on him who gave you aid?

*Enter* Orbellan *holding his Face aside.*

*Orb.* Moon slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To shroud my shame.

*Cort.*

*Cort.* ——In vain you turn aſide,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival and his black deſigne.
*Orb.* Forgive it as my paſſions fault, not mine.
*Cort.* In your excuſe your Love does little ſay,
You might have taken a much nobler way.
*Orb.* 'Tis true, my paſſion ſmall defence can make,
Yet you muſt ſpare me for your Honours ſake;
That was engag'd to ſet me ſafe and free.
*Cort.* 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy breath,
When all my hopes depend upon thy death——
——Yet none ſhall tax me with baſe perjury,
Something I'le do, both for my ſelf and thee;
With vow'd revenge my Souldiers ſearch each Tent,
If thou art ſeen none can thy death prevent;
Follow my ſteps with ſilence and with haſte.

*They go out, the* Scene *changer, to the* Indian *Countrey, they return.*

*Cort.* Now you are ſafe, you have my out-guards paſt.
*Orb.* Then here I take my leave.
*Cort.*——*Orbellan*, no,
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'le ſend a Meſſage.
*Orb.* ——Let it be expreſt,
I am in haſte.
*Cort.* ——I'le write it in your Breſt——*Draws.*
*Orb.* What means my Rival?
*Cort.* Either Fight or Dye,
I'le not ſtrain Honour to a point too high;
I ſav'd your Life, now keep it if you can,
*Cydaria* ſhall be for the braveſt Man;
On equal terms you ſhall your Fortune try,
Take this and lay you flint-edg'd Weapon by; *Gives him a Sword.*
I'le arm you for my Glory, and purſue
No palm, but what's to manly Vertue due.
Fame with my Conqueſt, ſhall my Courage tell,
This you ſhall gain by placing Love ſo well.

*Orb.* Fighting with you ungrateful I appear.
*Cort.* Under that ſhadow thou wouldſt hide thy fear:
Thou wouldſt poſſeſs thy Love at thy return,
And in her Arms my eaſie Vertue ſcorn.
*Orb.* Since we muſt Fight, no longer time delay,
The Moon ſhines clear, and makes a paler day,
*They Fight*, Orbellan *is wounded in the Hand, his Sword falls out of it.*
*Cort.* To Courage, even of Foes, there's pity due,
It was not I, but Fortune vanquiſh'd you; *Throws his*
Thank me with that, and ſo diſpute the prize, *Sword again.*
As if you fought before *Cydaria*'s Eyes.
*Orb.* I would not poorly ſuch a gift requite,
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but Fight;
But ſee where yours has forc'd its bloody way *He ſtrives to hold*
My wounded Hand, my Heart does ill obey. *it, but cannot.*
*Cort* Unlucky Honour that controul'ſt my will!
Why have I vanquiſh'd, ſince I muſt not Kill;
Fate ſees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glaſs,
And looks it through, but to it cannot paſs.
*Orb.* All I can do is frankly to confeſs,
I wiſh I could, but cannot love her leſs;
To ſwear I would reſigne her were but vain,
Love would recall that perjur'd breath again;
And in my wretched caſe 'twill be more juſt
Not to have promis'd, then deceive your Truſt.
Know, if I live once more to ſee the Town,
In bright *Cydaria*'s Arms my Love I'le crown.
*Cort.* In ſpight of that I give thee Liberty,
And with thy perſon leave thy Honour free;
But to thy wiſhes move a ſpeedy pace,
Or Death will ſoon o'retake thee in the Chaſe.
To Arms, to Arms, Fate ſhows my Love the way,
I'le force the City on thy Nuptial day. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

## SCENE, III. *Mexico.*

*Enter* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Almeria.

*Mont.* It moves my wonder that in two days ſpace,
This early Famine ſpreads ſo ſwift a pace.

*Odm.* 'Tis, Sir, the general cry, nor ſeems it ſtrange,
The face of plenty ſhould ſo ſwiftly change:
This City never felt a Siege before,
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily ſtore,
Which now ſhut up, and Millions crowded here,
Famine will ſoon in multitudes appear.

*Mont.* The more the number, ſtill the greater ſhame.

*Alm.* What if ſome one ſhould ſeek immortal Fame
By ending of the Siege at one brave blow?

*Mont.* That were too happy!

*Alm.* ——— Yet it may be ſo,
What if the *Spaniſh* General ſhould be ſlain?

*Guy.* Juſt Heaven I hope does other ways ordain.

*Mont.* If ſlain by Treaſon I ſhould mourn his Death.

*Enter* Orbellan *and whiſpers his Siſter.*

*Odm.* *Orbellan* ſeems in haſte and out of breath.

*Mont.* *Orbellan* welcome, you are early here.
A Bridegrooms haſte does in your looks appear.

Almeria *Aſide to her Brother.*

*Alm.* Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardiſe, and Fear,
He had not ſcap'd with Life had I been there;
But ſince ſo ill you act a brave deſigne,
Keep cloſe your ſhame, Fate makes the next turn mine.

*Enter* Alibech, Cydaria.

*Alib.* O Sir, if ever pity touch'd your Breſt,
Let it be now to your own blood expreſt:
In tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her ſight,
Silent as dews that fall in dead of night.

*Cyd.* To your commands I ſtrict obedience owe,
And my laſt Act of it I come to ſhow;
I want the Heart to dye before your Eyes,
But Grief will finiſh that which Fear denies.

*Alm.* Your Will ſhould by your Fathers Precept move.
*Cyd* When he was young he taught me truth in Love.
*Alm.* He found more Love then he deſerv'd, 'tis true,
And that it ſeems is lucky too to you;
Your Fathers Folly took a head-ſtrong courſe,
But I'le rule yours, and teach you love by force.

*Enter* Meſſenger.

*Meſſ.* Arm, Arm, O King, the Enemy comes on,
A ſharp aſſault already is begun;
Their Murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.
*Odm,* Now Rival, let us run where Honour calls.
*Guy.* I have diſcharg'd what gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe. [*Exeunt* Odmar *and* *Mont.* Our walls are high, and multitudes defend: Guyomar.]
Their vain attempt muſt in their ruine end;
The Nuptials with my preſence ſhall be grac'd.
*Alib.* At leaſt but ſtay till the aſſault be paſt.
*Alm.* Siſter, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he ſhall obey.

*Enter Second* Meſſenger.

*Meſſ* 2. From ſeveral parts the Enemy's repell'd,
One only quarter, to th'aſſault does yield.

*Enter Third* Meſſenger.

*Meſſ.* 3. Some Foes are enter'd, but they are ſo few,
They only Death, not Victory purſue.
*Orb.* Hark, hark, they ſhout!
From Vertues rules I doe too meanly ſwerve:
I'by my Courage will your Love deſerve.
*Mont.* Here in the heart of all the Town I'le ſtay:
And timely ſuccour where it wants, convey.

*A noiſe within, Enter* Orbellan, Indians *driven in,* Cortez *after them, and one or two* Spaniards.

*Cort.* He's found, he's found, degenerate Coward ſtay:
Night ſav'd thee once, thou ſhalt not ſcape by day. } *Kills*
*Orb.* ——O I am kill'd——————*Dyes.* } Orbellan.

*Enter* Guyomar *and* Odmar.

*Guy.* Yield, generous Stranger, and preſerve you life } *He is*
Why chuſe you death in this unequal ſtrife? } *beſet.*

Almeria

Almeria *and* Alibech *seem to weep over* Orbellans *body.*

*Cort.* What nobler Fate could any Lover meet,
If fall reveng'd, and at my Miſtreſs feet?

*They fall on him, and bear him down,* Guyomar *takes his Sword.*

*Alib.* He's paſt recovery; my dear Brother's ſlain:
Fates hand was in it, and my care is vain.

*Alm.* In weak complaints you vainly waſt your breath:
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,
Diſpatch the Villain ſtrait.

*Cort.* ——The Villain's dead.

*Alm.* Give me a Sword, and let me take his Head.

*Mont.* Though, Madam, for your Brothers loſs I grieve,
Yet let me beg,——

*Alm.* ——His Murderer may live?

*Cyd.* 'Twas his Misfortune, and the Chance of War.

*Cort.* It was my purpoſe, and I kill'd him fair;
How could you ſo unjuſt and cruel prove,
To call that chance which was the act of Love?

*Cyd.* I call'd it any thing to ſave your life:
Would he were living ſtill, and I his Wife;
That wiſh was once my greateſt miſery:
But 'tis a greater to behold you dye.

*Alm.* Either command his Death upon the place,
Or never more behold *Almeria*'s face.

*Guy.* You by his Valour, once from Death were freed:
Can you forget ſo Generous a deed? [*To* Montezuma.

*Mont.* How Gratitude and Love divide my breſt!
Both ways alike my Soul is rob'd of reſt.
But——let him dye——can I his Sentence give?
Ungrateful, muſt he dye by whom I live?
But can I then *Almeria*'s tears deny!
Should any live whom ſhe commands to dye?

*Guy.* Approach who dares: he yielded on my word;
And as my Priſ'ner, I reſtore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*
His life concerns the ſafety of the State,
And I'le preſerve it for a calm debate.

*Mont.*

*Mont.* Dar'ſt thou rebel falſe and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus deſtroy.
*Offers to kill him,* Odmar *ſteps between.*

*Odm.* My Brothers blood I cannot ſee you ſpill,
Since he prevents you but from doing ill:
He is my Rival, but his death would be
For him too glorious, and too baſe for me.

*Guy.* Thou ſhalt not conquer in this noble ſtrife:
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:
Srike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breaſt more true,
'Tis the laſt Wound I e're can take for you.——
You ſee I live but to diſpute your will;
Kill me, and then you may my Priſoner kill.

*Cort.* You ſhall not, Gen'rous Youths, contend for me:
It is enough that I your Honour ſee,
But that your Duty may no blemiſh take,
I will my ſelf your Fathers Captive make:
When he dares ſtrike I am prepar'd to fall: *Gives his Sword*
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General. *to* Montezuma.

*Cyd.* Ah you too haſtily your Life reſigne,
You more would love it if you valued mine!

*Cort.* Diſpach me quickly, I my Death forgive,
I ſhall grow tender elſe, and wiſh to Live:
Such an infectious Face her ſorrow wears,
I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria's* Tears.

*Alm.* Make haſte, make haſte, they merit Death all three:
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.
See, ſee, my Brother's Ghoſt hangs hovering there,
O're his warm Blood, that ſteems into the Air,
Revenge, Revenge it cries.

*Mont.* ——And it ſhall have;
But two days reſpite for his Life I crave:
If in that ſpace you not more gentle prove:
I'le give a Fatal proof how well I Love.
'Till when you *Guyomar*, your Priſ'ner take;
Beſtow him in the Caſtle on the Lake:
In that ſmall time, I ſhall the Conqueſt gain
Of theſe few Sparks of Vertue which remain:

Then

Then all who ſhall my head-long paſſion ſee,
Shall curſe my Crimes, and yet ſhall pity me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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## ACT. IV.

### SCENE, *A Priſon.*

*Enter* Almeria, *and an* Indian, *they ſpeak entring.*

*Ind.* A Dangerous proof of my reſpect I ſhow.
*Alm.* Fear not; Prince *Guyomar* ſhall never know:
While he is abſent let us not delay;
Remember 'tis the King thou doſt obey.
*Ind.* See where he ſleeps.
[Cortez *appears Chain'd and laid aſleep,*
*Alm.* ——Without my coming wait:
And on thy Life ſecure the Priſon Gate.——[*Exit* Indian.
[*She plucks out a Dagger, and approaches him.*
*Spaniard* awake, thy Fatal hour is come:
Thou ſhalt not at ſuch eaſe receive thy doom.
Revenge is ſure, though ſometimes ſlowly pac'd,
Awake, awake, or ſleeping, ſleep thy laſt.
*Cort.* Who names Revenge?
*Alm.*—Look up and thou ſhalt ſee.
*Cort.* I cannot fear ſo fair an Enemy.
*Alm.* No aid is nigh, nor canſt thou make defence:
Whence can thy Courage come?
*Cort.* ——From Innocence.
*Alm.* From Innocence? let that then take thy part,
Still are thy looks aſſur'd,——have at thy Heart:
[*Holds up the Dagger.*
I cannot kill thee: ſure thou bear'ſt ſome Charm, [*Goes back.*
Or ſome Divinity holds back my Arm.
Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed, [*Aſide.*
Can I want Courage for ſo brave a Deed?
I've ſhook it off; my Soul is free from fear, [*Comes again.*
And I can now ſtrike any where,—but here.

His

His ſcorn of Death how ſtrangely does it move!
A mind ſo haughty who could chuſe but love! [*Goes off.*
Plead not a Charm, or any Gods command,
Alas it is thy heart that holds thy hand:
In ſpight of me I love, and ſee too late
My Mothers Pride muſt find my Mothers Fate:
——Thy Countrey's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,
For ſhame, *Almeria*, ſuch mad thoughts forbear:
It w'onnot be, if I once more come on, [*Coming on again.*
I ſhall miſtake the breaſt, and pierce my own.
[*Comes with her Dagger down.*

*Cort.* Does your revenge maliciouſly forbear
To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by fear?
If you delay for that, forbear or ſtrike,
Fore-ſeen and ſudden Death are both alike

*Alm.* To ſhow my Love would but increaſe his Pride:
They have moſt power who moſt their paſſions hide. *Aſide.*
*Spaniard*, I muſt confeſs I did expect
You could not meet your Death with ſuch neglect;
I will defer it now, and give you time:
You may repent, and I forget your Crime.

*Cort.* Thoſe who repent acknowledge they did ill:
I did not unprovok'd, your Brother kill.

*Alm.* Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

*Cort.* Who begs his life, does not deſerve to live.

*Alm.* But if 'tis given, you'l not refuſe to take?

*Cort.* I can live gladly for *Cydaria*'s ſake.

*Alm.* Does ſhe ſo wholly then poſſeſs your mind?
What if you ſhould another Lady find,
Equal to her in Birth, and far above
In all that can attract, or keep your Love,
Would you ſo doat upon your firſt deſire,
As not to entertain a nobler fire?

*Cort.* I think that perſon hardly will be found,
With gracious form and equal Vertue crown'd:
Yet if another could precedence claim,
My fixt deſires could find no fairer aim.

*Alm.*

*Alm.* Dull ignorance, he cannot yet conceive;
To ſpeak more plain, ſhame will not give me leave. [*Aſide.*
—Suppoſe one lov'd you whom even Kings adore: [*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would reſtore,
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico*:
Would you for her, *Cydaria's* Love forego?

*Cort.* Though ſhe could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.

*Alm.* A burning bluſh has cover'd all my face;
Why am I forc'd to publiſh my diſgrace?
What if I love, you know it cannot be,
And yet I bluſh to put the caſe 'twere me.
If I could love you, with a flame ſo true
I could forget what hand my Brother ſlew ——
——Make out the reſt,—I am diſorder'd ſo
I know not farther what to ſay or do:
—But anſwer me to what you think I meant.

*Cort.* Reaſon or Wit no anſwer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the meaning find?

*Alm.* Diſorder'd words ſhow a diſtemper'd mind.

*Cort.* She has oblig'd me ſo, that could I chuſe,
I would not anſwer what I muſt refuſe. [*Aſide.*

*Alm.* —His mind is ſhook,—ſuppoſe I lov'd you, ſpeak,
Would you for me *Cydaria's* Fetters break?

*Cort.* Things meant in Jeſt, no ſerious anſwer need.

*Alm.* But put the caſe that it were ſo indeed.

*Cort,* If it were ſo, which but to think were Pride,
My conſtant Love would dangerouſly be try'd:
For ſince you could a Brothers death forgive,
He whom you ſave, for you alone ſhould live:
But I the moſt unhappy of mankind,
E're I knew yours, have all my Love reſign'd:
'Tis my own loſs I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupts door.
Yet could I change, as ſure I never can,
How could you love ſo infamous a Man?
For Love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no ground I ever could be true.

*Alm.* You construed me aright, ——— I was in Jest:
And by that offer meant to sound your breast;
Which since I find so constant to your Love,
Will much my value of your worth improve.
*Spaniard* assure your self you shall not be
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me;
'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this sort,
And to refuse my offers, though in sport. [*Exit* Almeria.

*Cort.* In what a strange condition am I left, [Cort. *solus.*
More than I wish I have, of all I wish bereft!
In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;
For even our wish is in possession lost:
Restless we wander to a new desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:
We toss and turn about our Feverish will,
When all our ease must come by lying still:
For all the happiness Mankind can gain
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

*Goes in, and the Scene closes upon him.*

## SCENE II. *Chamber Royal.*

*Enter* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

*Mont.* My Ears are deaf with this impatient croud.
*Odm.* Their wants are now grown mutinous and loud:
The General's taken, but the Siege remains;
And their last food our dying Men sustains.
*Guy.* One means is only left, I to this hour,
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria*'s pow'r:
And though by your Command she often sent
To urge his doom, do still his death prevent.
*Mont.* That hope is past: him I have oft assail'd,
But neither threats nor kindness have prevail'd;
Hiding our wants, I offer'd to release
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
He fiercely answer'd, I had now no way
But to submit, and without terms obey:

I told

I told him he in Chains demanded more
Then he impos'd in Victory before:
He ſullenly reply'd, he could not make
Theſe offers now; Honour muſt give, not take.
*Odm.* Twice have I ſallyed, and was twice beat back:
What deſp'rate courſe remains for us to take!
*Mont.* If either Death or Bondage I muſt chooſe,
I'le keep my Freedom, though my Life I loſe.
*Guy.* I'le not upbraid you that you once refus'd
Thoſe means you might have then with Honour us'd:
I'le lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:
They know to Conquer beſt, who know to Dye.
[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar.
*Alib.* Ah me, what have I heard! ſtay *Guyomar*,
What hope you from this Sally you prepare?
*Guy.* A death, with Honour for my Countries good:
And to that uſe your ſelf deſign'd my blood.
*Alib.* You heard, and I well know the Towns diſtreſs,
Which Sword and Famine both at once oppreſs:
Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Man's uſe,
Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous juice
Wild hunger ſeeks; and to prolong our breath,
We greedily devour our certain death:
The Soldier in th' aſſault of Famine falls;
And Ghoſts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
As Callow Birds ——
Whoſe Mother's kill'd in ſeeking of the prey,
Cry in their Neſt, and think her long away;
And at each leaf that ſtirs, each blaſt of wind,
Gape for the Food which they muſt never find:
So cry the people in their miſery.
*Guy* And what relief can they expect from me?
*Alib.* While *Montezuma* ſleeps, call in the Foe:
The Captive General your deſigne may know:
His Noble Heart, to Honour ever true,
Knows how to ſpare as well as to ſubdue.
*Guy.* What I have heard I bluſh to hear: and grieve
Thoſe words you ſpoke I muſt your words believe;

I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
To sell my Countrey, and my King enslave?
All I have done by one foul act deface,
And yield my right to you by turning base?
What more could *Odmar* wish that I should do,
To lose your Love, then you perswade me to?
No, Madam, no, I never can commit
A deed so ill, nor can you suffer it:
'Tis but to try what Vertue you can find
Lodg'd in my Soul.

*Alib.* I plainly speak my mind;
Dear as my Life my Vertue I'le preserve:
But Vertue you too scrupulously serve:
I lov'd not more then now my Countreys good,
When for its service I employ'd your Blood:
But things are alter'd, I am still the same,
By different ways, still moving to one fame;
And by disarming you, I now do more
To save the Town, then arming you before.

*Guy.* Things good or ill by circumstances be,
In you 'tis Vertue, what is Vice in me.

*Alib.* That ill is pardon'd which does good procure.

*Guy.* The good's uncertain, but the ill is sure.

*Alib.* When Kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,
Each private man for publick good should rise.

*Guy.* Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuse:
Such reasons none but impious Rebels use:
Those who to Empire by dark paths aspire,
Still plead a Call to what they most desire;
But Kings by free consent their Kingdoms take,
Strict as those sacred Ties which Nuptials make;
And what e're faults in Princes time reveal,
None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

*Alib.* In all debates you plainly let me see
You love your Vertue best, but *Odmar* me.
Go, your mistaken Piety pursue:
I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;

With my Commands you ſhall no more be grac'd,
Remember, Sir, this trial was your laſt.

*Guy.* The gods inſpire you with a better mind;
Make you more juſt, and make you then more kind:
But though from Vertues rules I cannot part,
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart.
'Tis hard with me whatever choice I make;
I muſt not merit you, or muſt forſake:
But in this ſtraight, to Honour I'le be true,
And leave my fortune to the gods and you.

*Enter* Meſſenger *privately.*

*Meſſ.* Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate;
From the Watch-Tower, above the Weſtern Gate,
I have diſcern'd the Foe ſecurely lye,
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
Their careleſs Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
The Bowers of Kings, to ſhade them from the Sun,

*Guy.* Upon thy life diſcloſe thy news to none;
I'le make the Conqueſt or the ſhame my own.

[*Exit* Guyomar *and* Meſſenger.

*Enter* Odmar.

*Alib.* I read ſome welcome meſſage in his Eye:
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'le ſee if he'l deny.
*Odmar*, I come to tell you pleaſing News,
I beg'd a thing your Brother did refuſe.

*Odm.* The news both pleaſes me and grieves me too;
For nothing, ſure, ſhould be deny'd to you:
But he was bleſt who might commanded be;
You never meant that happineſs to me.

*Alib.* What he refus'd your kindneſs might beſtow,
But my Commands, perhaps, your burden grow.

*Odm.* Could I but live till burdenſome they prove,
My Life would be immortal as my Love.
Your wiſh, e're it receive a name, I grant.

*Alib.* 'Tis to relieve your dying Countries want;
All hopes of ſuccor from your Arms is paſt,
To ſave us now you muſt our Ruine haſt;

Give

Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
The Captive General's liberty restore.

*Odm.* You speak to try my Love, can you forgive
So soon to let your Brother's Murd'rer live?

*Alib. Orbellan*, though my Brother did disgrace
With treacherous Deeds, our Mighty Mothers Race;
And to revenge his Blood so justly spilt,
What is it less than to partake his Guilt?
Though my proud Sister to revenge incline,
I to my Countrey's good my own resigne.

*Odm.* To save our Lives our freedom I betray——
——Yet since I promis'd it I will obey;
I'le not my Shame nor your Commands dispute;
You shall behold your Empire's absolute. [*Exit* Odmar.

*Alib.* I should have thank'd him for his speedy grant;
And yet I know not how, fit words I want:
Sure I am grown distracted in my mind,
That joy this grant should bring I cannot find:
The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;
And this, obeying, has disturb'd me more:
The one with grief, and slowly did refuse,
The other, in his grant, much haste did use:
——He us'd too much —— and granting me so soon,
He has the merit of the gift undone:
Methought with wondrous ease, he swallow'd down
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:
My inward choice was *Guyomar* before,
But now his Vertue has confirm'd me more ——
——I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,
And then my promise must my choice betray.
Fantastick Honour, thou hast fram'd a toyl
Thy self, to make thy Love thy Vertues spoil. [*Exit* Alibech.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*A pleasant Grotto discover'd: in it a Fountain spouting; round about it* Vasquez, Pizarro, *and other* Spaniards *lying carelesly unarm'd, and by them many* Indian *Women, one of which sings the following Song.*

### SONG.

*Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past?*
*Yet we thy ruine hast:*
*As if the cares of Humane Life were few*
*We seek out new.*
*And follow Fate which would too fast pursue.*

*See how on every bough the Birds express*
*In their sweet notes their happiness*
*They all enjoy, and nothing spare;*
*But on their Mother Nature lay their care,*
*Why then should Man, the Lord of all below*
*Such troubles chuse to know*
*As none of all his Subjects undergo?*

*Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall;*
*And with a murmuring sound*
*Dash, dash, upon the ground,*
*To gentle slumbers call.*

*After the Song two* Spaniards *arise and dance a* Sarabband *with* Castanieta's: *at the end of which,* Guyomar *and his* Indians *enter, and e're the* Spaniards *can recover their Swords, seize them.*

*Guy.* Those whom you took without in Triumph bring,
But see these streight conducted to the King.
*Piz. Vasquez,* what now remains in these extreams?
*Vasq.* Only to wake us from our Golden Dreams.

*Piz.*

*Piz.* Since by our shamful conduct we have lost
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value most,
I wish they would our Lives a period give:
They live too long who Happiness out-live.
[*Spaniards are led out.*

1. *Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your success is spread:
The King comes marching in the Armies head.

*Enter* Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar, *Discontented.*

*Mont.* Now all the gods reward and bless my Son: [*Embracing.*
Thou hast this day thy Fathers Youth out-done.

*Alib.* Just Heaven all Happiness upon him shower,
Till it confess its will beyond it's power.

*Guy.* The Heavens are kind, the gods propitious be,
I only doubt a mortal Deity:
I neither fought for Conquest, nor for Fame,
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.

*Alib.* I gave my Love to the most brave in War;
But that the King must judge.

*Mont.* Tis *Guyomar.*

[*Soldiers shout, A* Guyomar, *&c.*

*Mont.* This day your Nuptials we will Celebrate;
But guard these haughty Captives till their Fate:
*Odmar*, this night to keep them be your care,
To morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.

*Alib.* Blot not your Conquest with your Cruelty.

*Mont.* Fate says we are not safe unless they dye:
The Spirit that foretold this happy day,
Bid me use Caution and avoid delay:
Posterity be juster to my Fame;
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his defence may justly do the same:
But private persons more than Monarchs can:
All weigh our Acts, and what e'r seems unjust,
Impute not to Necessity, but Lust.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Guyomar, *and* Alibech.

*Odm.* Lost and undone! he had my Fathers voice,
And *Alibech* seem'd pleas'd with her new choice:
Alas, it was new! too too late I see,

Since

Since one she hated, that it must be me.——
——I feel a strange Temptation in my will
To do an action, great at once and ill:
Vertue ill Treated from my Soul is fled;
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:
Yet Conscience would against my rage rebel——
——Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well!
Sink Empire, Father Perish, Brother Fall,
Revenge does more than recompence you all.
——Conduct the Pris'ners in——
*Spaniards* you see your own deplor'd Estate; *Enter* Vasquez,
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate? Pizarro.
*Vasq.* All that Dispair, with Courage joyn'd can do.
*Odm.* An easie way to Victory I'le show:
When all are buried in their Sleep or Joy,
I'le give you Arms, Burn, Ravish, and Destroy;
For my own share one Beauty I design,
Engage your Honours that she shall be mine.
*Piz.* I gladly Swear.
*Vasq.* ——And I; but I request
That, in return, one who has touch'd my Breast,
Whose name I know not, may be given to me,
*Odm. Spaniard*, 'tis just; she's yours whoe're she be.
*Vasq.* The night comes on: if Fortune bless the bold
I shall possess the Beauty,
*Piz.* I the Gold. [*Exeunt omnes.*

## SCENE, IV. *A Prison.*

Cortez *discovered, bound*: Almeria *talking with him.*

*Alm.* I come not now your constancy to prove,
You may believe me when I say I Love.
*Cort.* You have too well instructed me before,
In your intentions to believe you more.
*Alm.* I'm justly plagu'd by this your unbelief,
And am my self the cause of my own grief:

But to beg love, I cannot ſtoop ſo low;
It is enough that you my paſſion know:
'Tis in your choice; Love me, or love me not,
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot. [*Lays hold on the Dagger.*

*Cort.* You Menace me and Court me in a breath:
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.

*Alm.* Your hopes, without, are vaniſh'd into ſmoke:
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.

*Cort.* In vain you urge me with my miſeries:
When Fortune falls, high Courages can riſe.
Now ſhould I change my love, it would appear
Not the effect of gratitude, but fear.

*Alm.* I'le to the King, and make it my Requeſt,
Or my Command that you may be releaſt;
And make you judge, when I have ſet you free,
Who beſt deſerves your paſſion, I, or ſhe.

*Cort.* You tempt my Faith ſo generous away,
As without guilt, might conſtancy betray,
But I'm ſo far from meriting eſteem,
That if *I* judge I muſt my ſelfe condemne;
Yet having given my worthleſs heart before,
What I muſt ne'r poſſeſs I will adore;
Take my devotion then this humbler way;
Devotion is the love which Heaven we pay. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

*Enter* Cydaria.

*Cyd.* May I believe my Eyes! what do I ſee!
Is this her Hate to him, his love to me!
'Tis in my breaſt ſhe ſheaths her Dagger now.
Falſe Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow? [*To him.*

*Cort.* What words, dear Saint, are theſe I hear you uſe?
What Faith, what Vows are thoſe which you accuſe?

*Cyd.* More cruel than the Tyger o're his ſpoil;
And falſer than the weeping Crocodile:
Can you add vanity to Guilt, and take
A Pride to hear the Conqueſts which you make?
Go publiſh your Renown, let it be ſaid
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd,

*Cort.* With what injustice is my Faith accus'd?
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thousand times for you.
*Alm.* She'l have too great content to find him true;
And therefore since his Love is not for me,
I'le help to make my Rivals misery. [*Aside.*
*Spaniard*, I never thought you false before: [*To him.*
Can you at once two Mistresses adore?
Keep the poor Soul no longer in suspence,
Your change is such as does not need defence.
*Cort.* Riddles like these I cannot understand!
*Alm.* Why should you blush? she saw you kiss my hand.
*Cyd.* Fear not, I will, while your first Love's deny'd,
Favour your shame, and turn my Eyes aside;
My feeble hopes in her deserts are lost:
I neither can such power nor beauty boast:
I have no tye upon you to be true,
But that which loosned yours, my Love to you.
*Cort.* Could you have heard my words!
*Cyd.* ——— Alas, what needs
To hear your words, when I beheld your deeds?
*Cort.* What shall I say! the Fate of Love is such,
That still it sees too little or too much.
That act of mine which does your passion move
Was but a mark of my Respect, not Love.
*Alm.* Vex not your self excuses to prepare:
For one you love not is not worth your care.
*Cort.* Cruel *Almeria* take that life you gave;
Since you but worse destroy me, while you save.
*Cyd.* No, let me dye and I'le my claim resigne;
For while I live, methinks you should be mine.
*Cort.* The bloodiest Vengeance which she could pursue,
Would be a trifle to my loss of you.
*Cyd.* Your change was wise: for had she been deny'd,
A swift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:
You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.

*Cort.* Can you imagine I so mean could prove,
To save my Life by changing of my Love?
*Cyd.* Since Death is that which Nat'rally we shun,
You did no more then I perhaps had done.
*Cort.* Make me not doubt, Fair Soul, your constancy;
You would have dy'd for Love, and so would I.
*Alm.* You may believe him; you have seen it prov'd.
*Cort.* Can I not gain belief, how I have lov'd?
What can thy ends, malicious Beauty, be:
Can he who kill'd thy Brother live for thee?
[*A noise of Clashing of Swords.*
[Vasquez *within*, Indians *against him.*
*Vasq.* Yield Slaves or die; our Sword shall force our way [*within*
*Ind.* We cannot, though o're-powr'd, our trust betray [*within.*
*Cort.* 'Tis *Vasquez* voice, he brings me Liberty.
*Vasq.* In spight of Fate I'le set my General Free: [*within.*
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.
*Alm.* All hopes of safety, and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and consumes e're scarce it does appear,
And by the suddain ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing wo;
It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do:
——But shall my Rival live, shall she enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to destroy? [*Aside.*
*Cort.* Her looks grow black as a tempestuous wind;
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her mind.
*Alm.* Rival, I must your jealousie remove,
You shall, hereafter, be at rest for Love.
*Cyd.* Now you are kind.
*Alm.* ——He whom you love is true:
But he shall never be possest by you.
[*Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.*
*Cort.* Hold, hold, ah barbarous Woman! flie, oh flie!
*Cyd.* Ah pity, pity, is no succor nigh!
*Cort.* Run, run behind me, there you may be sure,
While I have Life I will your Life secure.
[Cydaria *gets behind him.* *Alm.*

*Alm.* On him or thee light Vengeance any where:
[*She ſtabs and hurts him.*
—— What have I done? I ſee his Blood appear!
*Cyd.* It ſtreams, it ſtreams from every Vital part:
Was there no way but this to find his Heart?
*Alm.* Ah! Curſed Woman, that was my deſigne!
This Weapons point ſhall mix that Blood with mine!
[*Goes to ſtab her ſelf, and being within his reach he ſnatches the Dagger.*
*Cort.* Now neither Life nor Death are in your power.
*Alm.* Then ſullenly I'le wait my Fatal hour.

*Enter* Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with drawn Swords.*

*Vaſq.* He Lives, he Lives.
*Cort.* —— Unfetter me with ſpeed,
*Vaſquez*, I ſee you troubled that I bleed:
But tis not deep, our Army I can head.
*Vaſq.* You to a certain Victory are led;
Your Men all Arm'd, ſtand ſilently within:
I with your Freedom, did the work begin.
*Piz.* What Friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
We'l ſoftly tell you as we march along.
*Cort.* In this ſafe place let me ſecure your fear: [*To* Cyda.
No claſhing Swords, no noiſe can enter here.
Amidſt our Arms as quiet you ſhall be
As Halcyon Brooding on a Winter Sea.
*Cyd.* Leave me not here alone, and full of fright
Amidſt the Terrors of a dreadful night:
Your judge, alas, my Courage by your own,
I never durſt in darkneſs be alone:
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet———
*Cort.* You muſt not go where you may dangers meet.
Th' unruly Sword will no diſtinction make:
And Beauty will not there give wounds, but take.
*Alm.* Then ſtay and take me with you; though to be
A Slave to wait upon your Victory.
My Heart unmov'd, can noiſe and Horror bear:
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

*Cort.*

*Cort. Almeria*, 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither muſt ſtay here, nor go with me.
*Alm.* Then take my Life, that will my reſt reſtore:
'Tis all I ask for ſaving yours before.
*Cort.* That were a barbarous return of Love.
*Alm.* Yet, leaving it, you more inhumane prove:
In both extreams I ſome relief ſhould find:
Oh either hate me more, or be more kind.
*Cort.* Life of my Soul do not my abſence mourn:
But chear your Heart in hopes of my return. [*To* Cydaria.
Your Noble Father's Life ſhall be my care;
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to ſpare.
*Cyd.* Fate makes you Deaf while I in vain implore,
My heart forbodes I ne'r ſhall ſee you more:
I have but one requeſt, when I am Dead
Let not my Rival to your Love ſucceed.
*Cort.* Fate will be kinder then your Fears fore-tell;
Farewel my Dear.
*Cyd.* ——A long and laſt farewel:
——So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;
Can you not one laſt look afford!
*Cort.* I melt to womaniſh Tears, and if I ſtay;
I find my Love my Courage will betray;
Yon Tower will keep you ſafe, but be ſo kind
To your own Life that none may entrance find.
*Cyd.* Then lead me there—— [*He leads her*
For this one Minute of your Company,
I go methinks, with ſome content to Dye.
[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, Cydaria.
*Alm.* Farewel, O too much Lov'd, ſince lov'd in vain! [*Sola*
What Diſmal Fortune does for me remain!
Night and Deſpair my Fatal Foot-ſteps guide;
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*
[Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *return again.*
*Cort.* All I hold dear, I truſt to your defence; [*To* Pizarro.
Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.
[*Exeunt* Cortez *and* Vaſquez.

*Piz.*

*Piz.* I'le venture that———
The gods are good; I'le leave her to their care,
Steal from my Poſt, and in the Plunder ſhare. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE, I.

*The Chamber Royal, an* Indian Hamock *diſcover'd in it.*

*Enter* Odmar *with Soldiers,* Guyoman, Alibech, *bound.*

*Odm.* FAte is more juſt then you to my deſert,
And in this Act you blame, Heaven takes my part.
*Guy.* Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?
*Odm.* The gods are ever of the Conquering ſide:
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed
I to my Fathers Empire ſhall ſucceed.
*Alib.* How much I Crowns contemn, I let thee ſee,
Chuſing the younger, and refuſing thee.
*Guy.* Were ſhe Ambitious, ſhe'd diſdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of ſuch a ſervile Throne:
A Throne which thou by Parricide doſt gain,
And by a baſe ſubmiſſion muſt retain.
*Alib.* I lov'd thee not before, but, *Odmar* know
That now I hate thee and deſpiſe thee too.
*Odm.* With too much violence you Crimes purſue,
Which if I Acted, 'twas for love of you:
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:
I brought not Sin ſo far, to ſtop it here.
Death in a Lovers mouth, would ſound but ill:
But know, I either muſt enjoy, or kill.
*Alib.* Beſtow, baſe Man thy idle threats elſewhere,
My Mothers Daughter knows not how to Fear.
Since *Guyomar*, I muſt not be thy Bride,
Death ſhall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.
*Odm.* Then take thy wiſh.———
*Guy.* Hold, *Odmar*, hold:———

My

My right in *Alibech* I will reſign;
Rather than ſee her Dye, I'le ſee her thine.

*Alib.* In vain thou wouldſt reſign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'ſt me, Conſtant ſtill to thee:
That ſhall not ſave my Life: wilt thou appear
Fearful for her, who for her ſelf wants Fear?

*Odm.* Her Love to him ſhews me a ſurer way:
I by her Love, her Vertue muſt betray: [*Aſide.*
Since, *Alibech*, you are ſo true a Wife; [*To her.*
'Tis in your power to ſave your Husbands Life:
The gods, by me, your Love and Vertue try:
For both will ſuffer, if you let him Dye.

*Alib.* I never can believe you will proceed
To ſuch a Black and Execrable Deed.

*Odm.* I only threatn'd you; but could not prove
So much a Fool to murder what I Love:
But in his Death, I ſome advantage ſee:
Worſe than it is, I'm ſure it cannot be.
If you conſent, you with that gentle Breath
Preſerve his Life: if not, behold his Death.
[*Holds his Sword to his Breaſt.*

*Alib.* What ſhall I do!

*Guy* ——What are your thoughts at ſtrife
About a ranſom to preſerve my Life?
Though to ſave yours I did my Intereſt give,
Think not when you were his I meant to live.

*Alib.* O let him be preſerv'd by any way:
But name not the foul price which I muſt pay. [*To Odmar.*

*Odm.* You would and would not, I'le no longer ſtay.
[*Offers again to kill him.*

*Alib.* I yield, I yield, but yet e're I am ill,
An innocent deſire I would fulfil:
With *Guyomar* I one chaſt Kiſs would leave,
The firſt and laſt he ever can receive.

*Odm.* Have what you ask: that Minute you agree
To my deſires, your Husband ſhall be free.
[*They unbind her, ſhe goes to her Husband.*

——

*Guy.*

*Guy.* No. *Aliberh*, we never muſt imbrace: [*He turns from her*
Your guilty kindneſs why do you miſplace?
'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice:
I was made yours, but by the publick voice.
And now you leave me with a poor pretence,
That your ill Act is for my life's defence.
*Alib.* Since there remains no other means to try,
Think I am falſe; I cannot ſee you dye.
*Guy.* To give for me both Life and Honour too
Is more, perhaps, then I could give for you.
You have done much to cure my Jealouſie.
But cannot perfect it unleſs both Die:
For ſince both cannot live, who ſtays behind
Muſt be thought fearful, or, what's worſe, unkind.
*Alib.* I never could propoſe that Death you chuſe;
But am like you, too jealous to refuſe. [*Embracing him.*
Together dying, we together ſhow
That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.
*Odm.* It then remains I act my own deſign:
Have you your wills, but I will firſt have mine.
Aſſiſt me Souldiers.——— [*They go to bind her, ſhe cries out.*

*Enter* Vaſquez, *two* Spaniards.

*Vaſq.* Hold, *Odmar*, hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my misfortune, and your Crime.
*Odm.* You ill return the kindneſs I have ſhown.
*Vaſq.* *Indian*, I ſay deſiſt.
*Odm.* ———*Spaniard*, be gone.
*Vaſq.* This Lady I did for my ſelf deſigne:
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine?
*Odm.* You're much miſtaken; this is ſhe whom I
Did with my Father's loſs, and Country's buy:
She whom your promiſe did to me convey,
When all things elſe were made your common prey.
*Vaſq.* That promiſe made excepted one for me;
One whom I ſtill reſerv'd, and this is ſhe.
*Odm.* This is not ſhe, you cannot be ſo baſe.

*Vasqu.* I love too deeply to mistake the Face:
The Vanquish'd must receive the Victors Laws.
*Odm.* If I am vanquish'd I my self am Cause.
*Vasq.* Then thank your self for what you undergo.
*Odm.* Thus Lawless Might does Justice overthrow.
*Vasq.* Traytors, like you, should never Justice name.
*Odm.* You owe your Triumphs to that Traitors shame.
But to your General I'le my right refer.
*Vasq.* He never will protect a Ravisher:
His Generous Heart will soon decide our strife;
He to your Brother will restore his Wife.
It rests, we two our claim in Combat try,
And that with this fair prize, the Victor flye.
*Odm.* Make haste;
I cannot suffer to be long perplext:
Conquest is my first wish, and Death my next.

[*They Fight, the* Spaniards *and* Indians *Fight.*

*Alib.* The gods the Wicked by themselves o'rethrow:
All Fight against us now and for us too! [*Unbinds her Husband.*

[*The two* Spaniards *and three* Indians *kill each other,* Vasquez *kills* Odmar, Guyomar *runs to his Brothers Sword.*

*Vasq.* Now you are mine; my greatest Foe is slain. *To* Alibech.
*Guy.* A greater still to vanquish does remain.
*Vasq.* Another yet!
The Wounds I make but sow new Enemies:
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born Brethren rise.
*Guy. Spaniard* take breath: some respite I'le afford,
My Cause is more advantage then your Sword.
*Vasq.* Thou art so brave——could it with Honour be,
I'de seek thy Friendship more then Victory.
*Guy.* Friendship with him whose hand did *Odmar* kill!
Base as he was, he was my Brother still:
And since his Blood has wash'd away his Guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou hast spilt.

[*They Fight a little and breathe,* Alibech *takes up a Sword and comes on.*

*Alib.* My weakness may help something in the strife.

*Guy.*

*Guy.* Kill not my Honour to preserve my Life: [*Staying her.*
Rather then by thy aid I'le Conquest gain,
Without defence I poorly will be slain.
[*She goes back, they Fight again,* Vasquez *falls.*
*Guy.* Now *Spaniard*, beg thy Life, and thou shalt live.
*Vasq.* 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canst not give:
My breath goes out, and I am now no more;
Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [*Dyes.*
*Guy.* Come, *Alibech*, let us from hence remove:
This is a night of Horror, not of Love.
From every part I hear a dreadful noise;
The Vanquish'd Crying, and the Victor's Joys.
I'le to my Father said, and Countreys flye;
And succor both, or in their ruine dye. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE, II. *A Prison.*

Montezuma, Indian High Priest *bound*, Pizarro, Spaniards *with Swords drawn, a* Christian Priest.

*Piz.* Thou hast not yet discover'd all thy store.
*Mont.* I neither can nor will discover more:
The gods will punish you, if they be just;
The gods will plague your Sacrilegious Lust.
*Chr. Pr.* Mark how this impious Heathen justifies
His own false gods, and our true God denies
How wickedly he has refus'd his wealth,
And hid his Gold, from Christian hands, by stealth:
Down with him, kill him, merit Heaven thereby.
*Ind. High Pr.* Can Heaven be Author of such Cruely?
*Piz.* Since neither threats nor kindness will prevail,
We must by other means your minds assail;
Fasten the Engines; stretch 'em at their length,
And pull the straightned Cords with all your strength.
[*They fasten them to the Rack, and then pull them.*
*Mont.* The gods, who made me once a King, shall know
I still am worthy to continue so:

Though now the subject of your Tyranny,
I'le plague you worse then you can punish me,
Know, I have Gold, which you shall never find,
No Pains, no Tortures shall unlock my Mind.

*Chr. Pr.* Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.

*Mont.* Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.

*Ind. High Pr.* When will you end your Barb'rous Cruelty?
I beg not to escape, I beg to Dye.

*Mont.* Shame on thy Priesthood that such pray'rs can bring:
Is it not brave to suffer with thy King?
When Monarchs suffer, gods themselves bear part;
Then well may'st thou, who but my Vassal art:
I charge thee dare not groan, nor shew one sign,
Thou at thy Torments dost the least repine. (Crown,

*Ind. High Pr.* You took an Oath when you receiv'd your
The Heavens should pour their usual Blessings down;
The Sun should shine, the Earth it's Fruits produce,
And nought be wanting to your Subjects use:
Yet we with Famine were oppress, and now
Must to the yoke of Cruel Masters bow.

*Mont.* If those above, who made the World, could be
Forgetful of it, why then blam'st thou me?

*Chr. Pr.* Those Pains, O Prince, thou sufferest now are light
Compar'd to those, which when thy Soul takes flight,
Immortal, endless, thou must then endure,
Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.

*Mont.* Thou art deceiv'd; for whensoe're I dye,
The Sun my Father bears my Soul on high:
He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:
I in the Eastern parts, and rising Sky,
You in Heaven's downfal, and the West must lye.

*Chr. Pr.* Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance misled,
Thy Soul destroying when thy Body's dead:
Change yet thy Faith, and buy Eternal rest.

*Ind. High Pr.* Dye in your own: for our Belief is best.

*Mont.* In seeking happiness you both agree,
But in the search, the paths so different be,

That

That all Religions with each other Fight,
While only one can lead us in the Right.
But till that one hath ſome more certain mark,
Poor humane kind muſt wander in the dark;
And ſuffer pains eternally below,
For that, which here, we cannot come to know.
*Chr. Pr.* That which we worſhip, and which you believe,
From Natures common hand we both receive:
All under various Names, Adore and Love
One Power Immenſe, which ever rules above.
Vice to abhor, and Vertue to purſue,
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:
But here our worſhip takes another way.——
*Mont.* Where both agree, 'tis there moſt ſafe to ſtay:
For what's more vain then publick light to ſhun,
And ſet up Tapers while we ſee the Sun?
*Chr. Pr.* Though Nature teaches whom we ſhould adore,
By Heavenly Beams we ſtill diſcover more.
*Mont.* Or this muſt be enough, or to Mankind
One equal way to bliſs is not deſign'd.
For though ſome more may know, and ſome know leſs,
Yet all muſt know enough for happineſs.
*Chr. Pr.* If in this middle way you ſtill pretend
To ſtay, your Journey never will have end.
*Mont.* Howe're, 'tis better in the midſt to ſtay,
Then wander farther in uncertain way.
*Chr. P.* But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.
*Mont.* You do no more then I for ours do now,
To prove Religion true——
If either Wit or Suff'rings would ſuffice,
All Faiths afford the Conſtant and the Wiſe:
And yet ev'n they, by Education ſway'd,
In age defend what infancy obey'd.
*Chr. Pr.* Since Age by erring Childhood is miſled,
Refer your ſelf to our Unerring Head.
*Mont.* Man and not erre! what reaſon can you give?
*Chr. Pr.* Renounce that carnal Reaſon, and believe.

*Mont.* The light of Nature ſhould I thus betray,
'Twere to wink hard that I might ſee the day.

*Chr. Pr.* Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
I'le make your Reaſon judge what way to go.

*Mont.* 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,
Who have but one ſhort ſtep of life to make.

*Piz.* Increaſe their Pains, the Cords are yet too ſlack.

*Chr. Pr.* I muſt by force convert him on the Rack.

*Ind. High Pr.* I faint away, and find I can no more:
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy ſtore,
And free my ſelf from pains I cannot bear.

*Mont.* Think'ſt thou I lye on Beds of Roſes here,
Or in a wanton Bath ſtretch'd at my eaſe?
Dye, Slave, and with thee, dye ſuch thoughts as theſe.

[High Prieſt *turns aſide and dyes.*

*Enter* Cortez *attended by* Spaniards, *he ſpeaks entring.*

*Cort.* On pain of death kill none but thoſe who fight;
I much repent me of this bloody night:
Slaughter grows murder when it goes too far,
And makes a Maſſacre what was a War:
Sheath all your weapons, and in ſilence move,
'Tis ſacred here, to Beauty and to Love.
Ha — [*Sees* Montezuma.

*Cort.* What diſmal ſight is this, which takes from me
All the delight that waits on victory!
[*Runs to take him off the Rack.*
Make haſte: how now, Religion do you frown?
Haſte holy Avarice, and help him down.
Ah Father, Father, what do I endure [*Embracing* Montezuma.
To ſee theſe wounds my pity cannot cure!

*Mont.* Am I ſo low that you ſhould pity bring,
And give an Infants Comfort to a King?
Ask theſe if I have once unmanly groan'd;
Or ought have done deſerving to be moan'd.

*Cort.* Did I not charge thou ſhouldſt not ſtir from hence? [*To* Pizarro.
But Martial Law ſhall puniſh thy offence
And you, [*To the Chr. Prieſt.*

Who

Who ſaucily, teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloyſters ſway;
Set up by Kings as humble aids of power,
You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.

*Chr. Pr.* ——— Come, let's away,
We but provoke his fury by our ſtay.

*Cort.* If this go free, farewel that diſcipline
Which did in Spaniſh Camps ſeverely ſhine:
Accurſed Gold, 'tis thou haſt caus'd theſe crimes;
Thou turn'ſt our Steel againſt thy parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the price of blood thou here art bought.

[*Exeunt* Prieſt *and* Pizarro.

[Cortez *kneels by* Montezuma *and weeps.*

*Cort.* Can you forget thoſe Crimes they did commit?

*Mont.* I'le do what for my dignity is fit:
Riſe, Sir, I'm ſatisfi'd the fault was theirs:
Truſt me you make me weep to ſee your Tears:
Muſt I chear you?

*Cort.* Ah Heavens!

*Mont.* ——— You're much to blame;
Your grief is cruel, for it ſhews my ſhame,
Does my loſt Crown to my remembrance bring:
But weep not you, and I'le be ſtill a King.
You have forgot that I your Death deſign'd,
To ſatisfie the Proud *Almeria*'s mind:
You, who preſerv'd my Life, I doom'd to Dye.

*Cort.* Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

*Enter a* Spaniard.

*Span.* Prince *Guyomar* the Combat ſtill maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their ground regains:
But once incourag'd by our Generals ſight,
We boldly ſhould renew the doubtful Fight.

*Cort.* Remove not hence, you ſhall not long attend: I'le aid my Soldiers, yet preſerve my Friend, } *To* Montezuma.

*Mont.* Excellent Man! [*Exit* Cortez, *&c.*

But

But I, by living, poorly take the way
To injure Goodneſs, which I cannot pay.

*Enter* Almeria.

*Alm.* Ruine and Death run arm'd through every Street;
And yet that Fate I ſeek I cannot meet:
What Guards Misfortunes are and Miſery!
Death that ſtrikes all, yet ſeems afraid of me.

*Mont. Almeria*'s here: oh turn away your Face!
Muſt you be witneſs too of my diſgrace?

*Alm.* I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,
But want that pity I deny'd to you:
Your Conquerour, alas, has vanquiſh'd me;
But he refuſes his own Victory:
While all are Captives in your conquer'd State,
I find a wretched freedom in his hate.

*Mont.* Couldſt thou thy love on one who ſcorn'd thee loſe?
He ſaw not with my Eyes who could refuſe:
Him who could prove ſo much unkind to thee,
I ne're will ſuffer to be kind to me.

*Alm.* I am content in death to ſhare your Fate;
And dye for him I love with him I hate.

*Mont.* What ſhall I do in this perplexing ſtreight!
My tortur'd Limbs refuſe to bear my weight: } *Endeavouring*
I cannot go to Death to ſet me free: } *to walk, not being able.*
Death muſt be kind, and come himſelf to me.

*Alm.* I've thought upon't: I have affairs below, [Alm *Muſing.*
Which I muſt needs diſpach before I go:
Sir, I have found a place, where you may be, [*To him.*
(Though not preſerv'd) yet like a King dye free:
The General left your Daughter in the *Tower*,
We may awhile reſiſt the *Spaniards* power,
If *Guyomar* prevail, ———

*Mont.* Make haſte and call;
She'l hear your Voice, and anſwer from the Wall.

*Alm.* My voice ſhe knows and fears, but uſe your own,
And to gain entrance, feign you are alone. } Almeria *ſteps behind.*
*Mont. Cydaria.*

*Alm.*

*Alm.* ——Louder.
*Mont.* ——Daughter!
*Alm.* ——Louder yet.
*Mont.* Thou canſt not, ſure, thy Father's voice forget.
[*He knocks at the door, at laſt* Cydaria *looks over the* Balcone.
*Cyd.* Since my Love went, I have been frighted ſo,
With diſmal Groans, and Noiſes from below:
I durſt not ſend my Eyes abroad, for fear
Of ſeeing dangers, which I yet but hear.
*Mont. Cydaria!*
*Cyd.* ——Sure 'tis my Father calls.
*Mont.* ——Dear Child make haſte;
All hope of ſuccor, but from thee is paſt:
As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow ſhort, he mends his weary pace,
While Death behind him covers all the place:
So I by ſwift misfortunes am purſu'd,
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.

*Cyd.* Are you alone?
*Mont.* ——I am.
*Cyd.* ——I'le ſtreight deſcend;
Heaven did you here for both our ſafeties ſend.
[Cydaria *deſcends and opens the door*, Almeria *ruſhes betwixt with* Montezuma.
*Cyd.* *Almeria* here! then I am loſt again. [*Both thruſt.*
*Alm.* Yield to my ſtrength, you ſtruggle but in vain:
Make haſte and ſhut, our Enemies appear.
[Cortez *and* Spaniards *appear at the other end.*
*Cyd.* Then do you enter, and let me ſtay here.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks*, Almeria *over-powers her, thruſts her in, and ſhuts* ——

*Cort.* Sure I both heard her voice and ſaw her face,
She's like a Viſion vaniſh'd from the place.

Too late I find my abſence was too long; ——
My hopes grow ſickly, and my fears grow ſtrong.
[*He knocks a little, then* Montezuma, Cydaria, Almeria. *appear above.*
*Alm.* Look up, look up, and ſee if you can know
Thoſe whom in vain you think to find below.
*Cyd.* Look up and ſee *Cydaria*'s loſt eſtate.
*Mont.* And caſt one look on *Montezuma*'s Fate.
*Cort.* Speak not ſuch diſmal words as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me when *Cydaria*'s there.
Deſpair not, Sir, who knows but Conquering *Spain*
May part of what you loſt reſtore again?
*Mont.* No *Spaniard*, know, he who to Empire born,
Lives to be leſs, deſerves the Victors ſcorn:
Kings and their Crowns have but one deſtiny:
Power is their life, when that expires they die.
*Cyd.* What dreadful words are theſe!
*Mont.* ——Name Life no more;
'Tis now a Torture worſe then all I bore:
I'le not be brib'd to ſuffer Life, but dye
In ſpight of your miſtaken clemency.
I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;
The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:——
But I'm a King while this is in my Hand,—— [*His Sword.*
He wants no Subjects who can Death Command:
You ſhould have ty'd him up, t'have conquer'd me,
But he's ſtill mine, and thus he ſets me free. [*Stabs himſelf.*
*Cyd.* Oh my dear Father!
*Cort.* ——Haſte, break ope the door.
*Alm.* When that is forc'd there yet remain two more.
[*The Soldiers break open the firſt door and go in.*
We ſhall have time enough to take our way,
E're any can our Fatal Journey ſtay.]
*Mont.* Already mine is paſt: O powers divine
Take my laſt thanks; no longer I repine:
I might have liv'd my own miſhaps to mourn,
While ſome would pity me, but more would ſcorn!
For Pity only on freſh Objects ſtays:

But

But with the tedious ſight of Woes decay'd.
Still leſs and leſs my boiling Spirits flow;
And I grow ſtiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almeria*———

*Cyd.* ———He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me defenceleſs here alone.

*Alm.* You ſhall not long be ſo: prepare to die,
That you may bear your Father company.

*Cyd.* Oh name not Death to me; you fright me ſo,
That with the Fear I ſhall prevent the blow:
I know your Mercy's more, then to deſtroy
A thing ſo young, ſo innocent as I.

*Cort.* Whence can proceed thy cruel thirſt of blood,
Ah Barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,
Too mild for thee: there's pity in that name,
But thou haſt loſt thy pity, with thy ſhame.

*Alm.* Your cruel words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'le revenge my ſmart.

*Cort.* Oh ſtay your hand! and to redeem my fault,
I'le ſpeak the kindeſt words———
That Tongue e're utter'd, or that Heart e're thought.
Dear———Lovely———Sweet———

*Alm.* This but offends me more;
You act your kindneſs on *Cydaria*'s ſcore.

*Cyd.* For his dear ſake let me my Life receive.

*Alm.* Fool for his ſake alone you muſt not live:
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'le make ſure he ne'r ſhall be for thee.

*Cyd.* But what's my Crime?

*Alm.* ——'Tis Loving where I love.

*Cyd.* Your own example does my act approve.

*Alm.* 'Tis ſuch a fault I never can forgive.

*Cyd.* How can I mend, unleſs you let me live?
I yet am tender, young, and full of fear,
And dare not dye, but fain would tarry here.

*Cort.* If blood you ſeek, I will my own reſign:
O ſpare her Life, and in exchange, take mine.

*Alm.* The Love you ſhew but haſts her Death the more.

*Cort.* I'le run, and help to force the inner door.
[*Is going in haſte.*

*Alm.* Stay, *Spaniard*, ſtay, depart not from my Eyes:
That moment that I loſe your ſight, ſhe dyes.
To look on you I'le grant a ſhort Reprieve.

*Cort.* O make your gift more full, and let her live:
I dare not go; and yet how dare I ſtay!
Her I would ſave, I murder either way.

*Cyd.* Can you be ſo hard-hearted, to deſtroy
My ripening hopes, that are ſo near to joy?
I juſt approach to all I would poſſeſs:
Death only ſtands 'twixt me and happineſs.

*Alm.* Your Father, with his life has loſt his Throne:
Your Countreys Freedom and Renown is gone.
Honour requires your Death: you muſt obey.

*Cyd.* Do you dye firſt; and ſhew me then the way.

*Alm.* Should you not follow, my Revenge were loſt.

*Cyd.* Then riſe again, and fright me with your Ghoſt.

*Alm.* I will not truſt to that, ſince Death I chuſe,
I'le not leave you that Life which I refuſe:
If Death's a pain, it is not leſs to me;
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.
But hark! the noiſe increaſes from behind,
They 're near, and may prevent what I deſign'd:
Take, there a Rival's gift. ——— [*Stabs her.*

*Cort.* Perdition ſeize thee for ſo black a deed.

*Alm.* Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:
I'le thus revenge thee with this Fatal blow; [*Stabs herſelf.*
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.

*Cyd.* Stay life, and keep in the chearful light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much night.
Thou leav'ſt me, Life, but Love ſupplies thy part,
And keeps me warm by lingring in my heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy claim remove;
How dear it coſts to conquer in my Love!
Now ſtrike: that thought I hope, will arm my breſt.

*Alm.* Ah with what differing paſſions am I preſt!

*Cyd.*

*Cyd.* Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks leſs dreadful as he comes more near.
*Alm.* O Rival, I have loſt the power to kill;
Strength has forſook my Arm, and Rage my will:
I muſt ſurmount that Love which thou haſt ſhown:
Dying for him is due to me alone.
Thy weakneſs ſhall not boaſt the victory,
Now thou ſhalt live, and dead I'le conquer thee:
Souldiers aſſiſt me down.

[*Exeunt from above led by* Souldiers, *and enter both led by* Cortez.

*Cort.* Is there no danger then? [*To* Cydaria.
*Cyd.* ——You need not fear
My Wound, I cannot dye when you are near.
*Cort.* You for my ſake, Life to *Cydaria* give: [*To* Almeria.
And I could dye for you, if you might live.
*Alm.* Enough, I dye content, now you are kind;
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my mind:
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.

Cydaria *ſtarts back.*

You need not fear my rage a ſecond time:
I'le bathe your Wounds in Tears for my Offence:
That Hand which made it makes this Recompence.

[*Ready to joyn their hands.*

I would have joyn'd you, but my Heart's too high:
You will, too ſoon, poſſeſs him when I dye.
*Cort.* She faints, O ſoftly ſet her down.
*Alm.* ——'Tis paſt!
In thy lov'd Boſom let me breathe my laſt.
Here in this one ſhort Moment that I live,
I have what ever the longeſt Life could give. ——[*Dyes.*
*Cort.* Farewel, thou Generous Maid: ev'n Victory
Glad as it is, muſt lend ſome Tears to thee:
Many I dare not ſhed, leſt you believe [*To* Cydaria.
I joy in you leſs then for her I grieve.
*Cyd.* But are you ſure ſhe's dead?
I muſt embrace you faſt, before I know
Whether my Life be yet ſecure or no:

Some

Some other hour I will to Tears allow;
But having you, can ſhew no ſorrow now.

*Enter* Guyomar *and* Alibech *bound, with Souldiers.*

*Cort.* Prince *Guyomar* in bonds! O Friendſhip's ſhame!
It makes me bluſh to own a Victors name.

[*Unbinds him,* Cydaria, Alibech.

*Cyd.* See *Alibech*, *Almeria* lyes there:
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

[Alibech *kneels and kiſſes her Dead Siſter.*

*Cort.* Live, and enjoy more than your Conquerour: { *To* Guy-
Take all my Love, and ſhare in all my Power. { omar.

*Guy.* Think me not proudly rude, if I forſake
Thoſe gifts I cannot with my Honour take:
I for my Country fought, and would again,
Had I yet left a Country to maintain:
But ſince the Gods decreed it otherwiſe,
I never will on its dear Ruines riſe.

*Alib.* Of all your goodneſs leaves to our diſpoſe,
Our liberty's the only gift we chooſe:
Abſence alone can make our ſorrows leſs;
And not to ſee what we can ne're redreſs.

*Guy.* Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,
Where Rocks lye cover'd with Eternal Snow,
Thin Herbage in the Plains, and fruitleſs Fields,
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;
No *Spaniards* will that Colony deſtroy.
We to our ſelves will all our wiſhes grant;
And nothing coveting, can nothing want.

*Cort.* Firſt your Great Father's Funeral Pomp provide:
That done, in Peace your generous Exiles guide.
While I loud thanks pay to the Powers above,
Thus doubly bleſt, with Conqueſt, and with Love. [*Exeunt.*

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FINIS.

# EPILOGUE.

BY A

# Mercury.

*TO all and ſingular in this full meeting,*
*Ladies and Gallants,* Phœbus *ſends me greeting.*
*To all his Sons by what e're Title known,*
*Whether of Court, of Coffee-houſe, or Town;*
*From his moſt mighty Sons, whoſe confidence*
*Is plac'd in lofty ſound, and humble ſence,*
*Ev'n to his little Infants of the Time*
*Who write new Songs, and Truſt in Tune and Rhyme.*
*Be't known that* Phœbus *(being daily griev'd*
*To ſee good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)*
*Ordains your judgement upon every Cauſe,*
*Henceforth be limited by wholeſome Laws.*
*He firſt thinks fit no Sonnettier advance*
*His cenſure farther than the Song or Dance.*
*Your Wit Burleſque may one ſtep higher climb,*
*And in his ſphere may judge all Doggerel Rhyme:*
*All proves, and moves, and Loves, and Honours too:*
*All that appears high ſence, and ſcarce is low.*
*As for the Coffee-wits he ſays not much,*
*Their proper buſ'neſs is to damn the* Dutch:
*For the great* Dons *of Wit* ——
Phœbus *gives them full priviledge alone*
*To Damn all others, and cry up their own:*
*Laſt, for the Ladies,* 'tis Apollo's *Will,*
*They ſhould have power to ſave, but not to kill:*
*For Love and He long ſince have thought it fit,*
*Wit live by Beauty, Beauty Raign by Wit.*